PASSING EVENTS

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

No. 5.—Vol. I.]
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LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1873.

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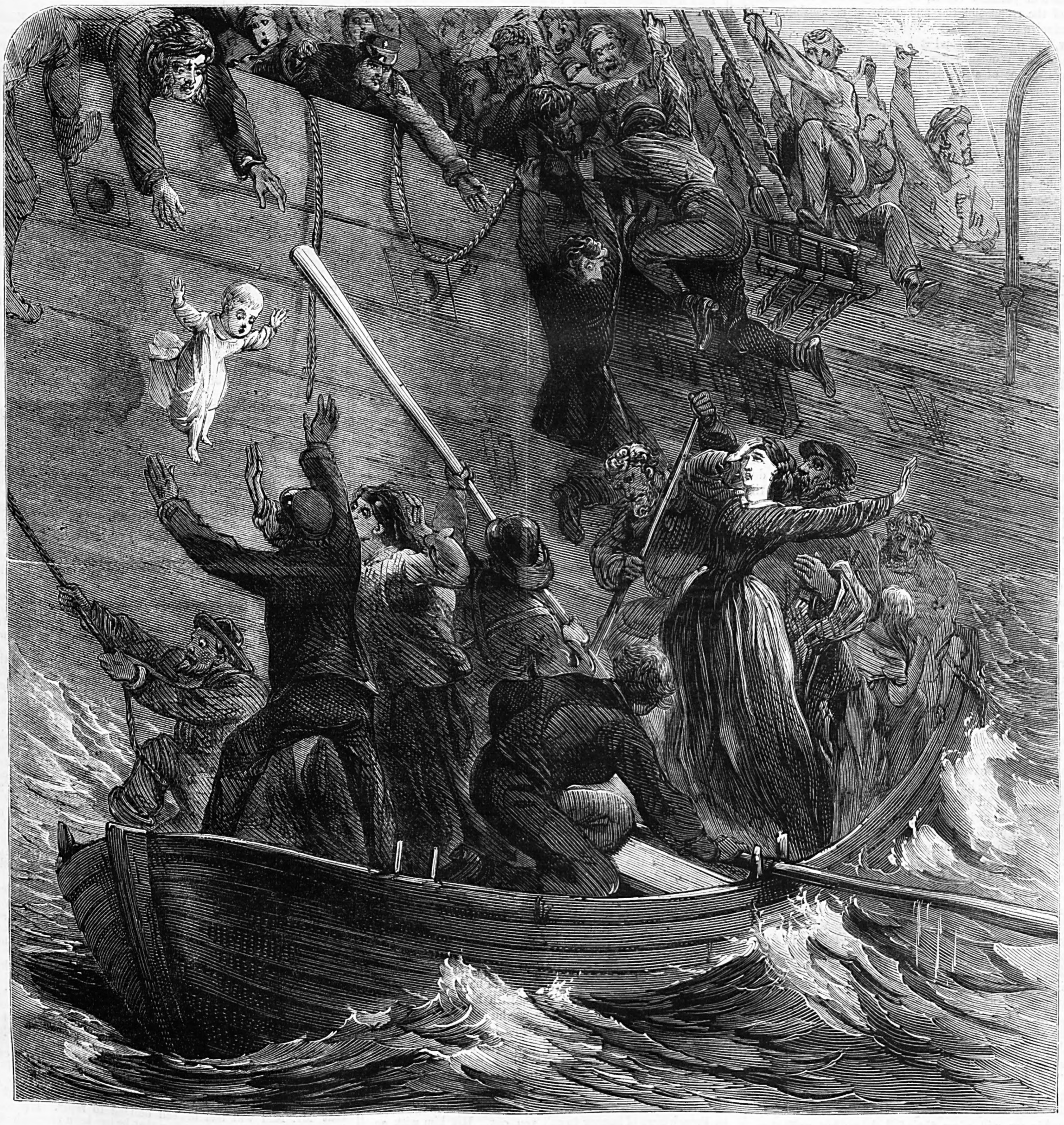

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Publishing Offices: No. 300, Strand, W.C.
Where all Communications to the Editor should be addressed.

A MISSION FOR SHE-HEATHENS.

A meeting was held on Monday in the romantic glades of Stockwell, on behalf of Woman's Suffrage. It was not an exceptional meeting of its kind. It was held under the auspices of the London National Society for Woman's Suffrage (it is curious how many National Societies have arisen since the days when Tooley-street sent forth its immortal Three!) and it was attended by several ladies of mental muscularity, including a doctress; and the arguments used were such as we are accustomed to. If we choose it for comment, therefore, it is merely because of its illustrative character. One of the resolutions was moved by Dr. Frances Elizabeth Morgan, and ran as follows:—"That the extension to women of political rights, by strengthening in them the sense of the responsibilities and duties of citizenship, would be conducive to the highest welfare of the State."

Now, this resolution—and it is representative of the arguments of the Woman-Suffragist in general—strikes us as a curious instance of attempting to drive in the wedge at its thickest end. Woman—the dear sex at large—is admitted by the resolution as rather weak in her sense of political responsibilities and civic duties. Not to put too fine a point upon it, she *is*. And so Dr. Fanny and the Stockwellite sympathizers would bestow political rights on woman in order to strengthen her public spirit. *We* should say, first strengthen her public spirit in order to fit her to use political rights. But the mentally muscular ladies do not see it in that light at all. They invariably reverse the procedure. It is as though they picked up a child of tender years and applied this sort of argument: Here is a child who does not know the value of money: let us give it a sovereign and turn it loose in the street; so shall it acquire wisdom. Common Sense would say, "Not at all; teach it first the worth of money, and then commence by entrusting it with sixpence." But Dr. Fanny and her race would fain work the problem backwards.

Let it be noticed that Dr. Fanny and her sympathizers are bound to confess the present unreadiness of women, in the mass, to exercise the suffrage. Their chief argument is that the suffrage should be forced upon them; and a favourite illustration of a compulsory boon, with them, is the enfranchisement of the American slaves, who were freed in spite of themselves. But that women are unready for political liberation, they admit. And surely women are. How many women take the smallest interest in politics at all? How many know the bare outlines of politics? How many could logically differentiate between a Liberal and Conservative? Ask the average lady of education, and she will answer that John is a Liberal, and papa is a Tory; but press her for a definition, and she will vote you a bore. She neither knows nor cares to know. She would as soon worry herself with a political leader in the newspaper as with a mathematical treatise. When a great catastrophe happens—a revolution or a war in Europe—she experiences the natural interest stimulated by rioting or murdering on a large scale; a little less, perhaps, than if she were told that Jones over the way had thrashed his wife, or that the burglars had broken in at No. 15. Tell her that difficulties are looming with Russia in the East, and she will betray a polite sympathy, just as if you told her that the meteorologists predicted a storm at sea. But *what* difficulties, and why they should arise, she no more cares to enquire than to ask what sort of a storm at sea, and the causes which produce *that*. Sufficient for her is the phenomenon. Women neither discuss politics themselves, nor care to hear them discussed, save only when politics are fraught with some stirring dramatic incident.

This being so—and the fact is palpable to all who have female relatives and acquaintances—is it not bootless to offer public rights and privileges where there is no public interest? Enfranchise women by all means, when they are ripe for it; but first fit them for the franchise. Cultivate in them some small interest in statecraft before you claim for them that they are old enough and pretty enough to vote. And here is a suggestion for Dr. Fanny and the other earnest misses and mesdames. Suppose those ladies commenced by starting a Mission for Political She-Heathens to convert languid ladies to an interest in public affairs. Explanatory tracts, followed by a house-to-house visitation, and awakening services in the drawing-room, might inaugurate the work. Instead of alarming fly-leaves on religious topics, political eye-openers might be circulated, with some such heading as, "To the Unenlightened: Why is thy Husband a Radical?"—and explanatory treatises attractively set forth, such as "Home Rule for the Breakfast Parlour," and "The Land Question in Words of One Syllable." When the Woman-Suffragists have awakened a general curiosity in the sex as to party questions and the machinery of statesmanship, we will allow their full claim; but until then they may as reasonably clamour for the ballot for ballet-girls and the suffrage for shoe-blacks.

LEGAL MUMMERIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF "PASSING EVENTS."

Sir,—The mysteries of Eleusis were no doubt perplexing; but what were they compared to those of English jurisprudence? Great was undoubtedly the Diana of the Ephesians, but, oh! how much greater the Mumbo Jumbo of "Precedent," before which judges and barristers, and the other generations of wiggèd men bow down! Let the amiable idiot who fondly dreams of the termination of the Tichborne case, the commencement of the New Law Courts, and the codification of English law, glance through the report of the proceedings in the Court of Common Pleas on Saturday, before rushing off to bury himself for ever in the congenial retirement of Earlswood. Other State Departments have been reformed, Exchequer tallies are things of the past, and there is no longer a King's Cock Crower; but the Law, secure in its musty fastnesses, defies all attempts at reform, and the Deputy Chaffwaxes still rejoice aloud in their strength. On Saturday the judges of the Court of Common Pleas, including the Lord Chief Justice, met for the purpose of making their newly-appointed brother, Sir George Honyman a Serjeant-at-Law. Why, being a judge, he should be made a serjeant is a mystery; but let that pass. But lo! when they had assembled the Queen's writ was missing. This fact was simple enough, and might happen anywhere—a mere paragraph, in fact, from the great work to be some day written on the "Mysterious Disappearances of Inanimate Objects." But the reason given by these high legal authorities for its absence was startling to the unwigged. It was stated that the new judge's "colt" was away playing with it. What manner of "colt" was this? I know a young horse, a rope's end, and a revolver, as a "colt," but a "colt," evidently a two-legged one, that could run away with a writ and play with it is a mystery. Only the offspring, I should think, of a sheriff's officer, if such still exist, would be guilty of such hardihood.

But other mysteries were to follow, for I learn that "the ancient process of 'counting' was then gone through; the parties had leave to 'imparl,' and the proceedings were ordered to be recorded." Counting in the ordinary sense is certainly an ancient process, since no doubt Adam did it on his fingers, but it is also a modern one, and carried on daily to a large extent in all banking establishments. Therefore, I presume that here the word is used to veil some awful ceremony, not to be revealed to the uninitiated. But the plot thickens. The parties had leave to "imparl"! Who were the parties who had leave, and having leave did they actually proceed to extremities and "imparl" somebody or other? Horrible thought! Is "imparl" a mis-reading for "impale"? If so, who was the victim, and how did he bear the operation? In a case like this, thoughts crowd too rapidly across the bewildered brain for the pen to be able to record them, therefore I drop it, and the subject. In reference to such proceedings I can only echo the words of history, and observe that "This is mummery!"

Your Eccentric Correspondent.

P.S.—A *quidnunc* friend startled me the other day by talking of the new railway platforms recommended by Captain Tyler as "three minutes one-and-a-half seconds high." I concluded that my friend had got confused by poring over the Metropolitan time-tables, and that the periods of arrival and departure were running in his head. "Not at all," said he; "the platforms are to be three minutes a second-and-a-half in height, and two minutes four-and-three-quarter seconds broad: here it is in the newspaper;" and he pulled out the *Sunday Times*. Truly, that journal recorded the astounding fact. And then a light broke upon me. Engineers, architects, and that tribe of mystery-mongers are accustomed not to write *feet* and *inches* in length, but to express the former measurement by a stroke after the number, and the latter by two strokes. Now, as the same signs are used for the minutes and seconds of a geometrical degree, the sapient printer of the *Sunday Times* had translated the statement *his* way; and, as a degree in geography is 69½ statute miles, had represented the railway platforms recommended as some three-and-a-half miles high, and over two miles broad. A platform in sooth—or a Himalayan table-land rather!

The late Dr. Maginn, in a letter on a notorious duel, mentions the opinion of an Irish fire-eater, according to which every one was sufficiently a "gentleman" for duelling purposes who changed his shirt once a week. A letter just published in the French papers by two eminent Parisian duellists, MM. Cassagnac and Cavalier, tells us not what qualifies, but at least what disqualifies, a man in France for meeting an antagonist on the so-called "field of honour:"—"We thought, and we think still," say the writers, "that the moment a man stoops so low as to provoke his adversary in the street with an umbrella, he places himself on a level with those people who have no right to honourable satisfaction as understood by good society. It would be as unreasonable to fight a man who provokes you with his umbrella as to accept a duel with "Punch" because he had struck you with his staff, or with Harlequin because he had touched you with his wand. Whatever M. Ratisbonne (the would-be duellist) may say, now he is chained to his umbrella, like Prometheus to his rock, and like Triboulet to his bauble." The above letter shows that the umbrella is a very formidable weapon after all. Strike a man with a cane, and he would be bound by French laws of honour to call you out. Hit him with an umbrella, and you put both himself and yourself *hors de combat*.

PERSONAL.

"Ouida," the novelist, is passing the winter at Florence.

Abd-el-Kader is reported to be lying seriously ill at his residence in Damascus.

Mr. Joseph Howe succeeds Sir Hastings Doyle as Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia.

It has been stated that the Empress is about to leave Camden-place, but will continue to reside in England.

The King and Queen of Portugal will be the godparents of the expected Royal infant of Spain.

Mr. George Macdonald has recovered sufficiently from his alarming illness, to resume his lectures in New York.

Verdi has subscribed 200 francs towards the monument to be erected at Milan to the memory of Napoleon III.

The Emperor William has notified the Emperor Francis Joseph of his intention to visit the International Exhibition at Vienna in the early part of July.

The lady to whom M. Rochefort was married under such tragic circumstances a couple of months ago has recovered her health, and is now able to walk about Versailles.

Bret Harte is lecturing in America with success. These lectures will in all probability be heard in England, as the poet intends paying us an early visit.

Marshal Bazaine's trial will probably, after all, be further postponed until the financial arrangements have been completed for the liberation of the territory.

Favourable reports of Dr. Pusey's health continue to come from Genoa; his sleep is more tranquil, and his respiration less laboured.

Cardinal Bonaparte, cousin to the late Emperor, has sent 100 crowns to the parish church of Santa Maria, at Rome, to pay for masses for his relative.

We hear that a requisition to Mr. Dunn to represent the borough of Southwark in Parliament at the next election is in course of signature, and that one thousand names have already been affixed.

It is stated that Mr. Allport, the manager of the Midland Railway Company, is making arrangements for the introduction on the Midland line of the celebrated American sleeping cars.

Mr. John Albert Bright, Mr. John Bright's eldest son, delivered his maiden speech at Rochdale on Thursday night. His text, a Manchester journal says, was a vote of confidence in Mr. Potter, M.P.

Mr. Alma Tadema, the artist, has received from the Queen letters of denization; this is not naturalization, but confers similar rights. This favour has not, it is stated, been granted for many years.

Mrs. Beecher Stowe is now giving readings from her own works. On the occasion of her first reading she wore a grey silk dress with a train, while her curly hair was adorned with a diadem.

The Argentine poet, Ilario Ascasubi, has published in Paris a collection of his poems in three volumes. To Ascasubi the appellation of the Béranger of the Argentine Republic has been given.

Sir Richard Wallace has sent to England the magnificent armoury collection which he bought from Comte de Nieuwerkerke for £40,000, and which was only second to the similar museum at Pierrefonds, near Compiègne, in the possession of the late Emperor.

The Shah of Persia, upon his anticipated visit to Great Britain, will be entertained at Buckingham Palace, and a vote will be presented to the House of Commons for the necessary expenses of receiving and entertaining our illustrious visitor.

The senior wrangler at Cambridge this year is Mr. T. O. Harding, the son of the Rev. T. Harding, Wesleyan minister of Whitehaven, and formerly of Chesterfield. He was born at Canterbury, and was educated at London University, where he has already taken B.A. and B.Sc. degrees.

It has been explained that Mr. Bowyer, of Chester, who was reported to have been murdered in Delamere Forest, died from the effects of a fall from his horse. There were no marks of violence about him, and the large amount of money he had with him was safe.

Mr. G. M. Kiele, one of the four members which Chelsea returns to represent its educational interests on the London School Board, purposes to stand as a Whig for Chelsea at the next parliamentary election, in opposition to Sir Charles Dilke.

It is understood that when, in April next, Mr. Henry Cole retires from the post he has so long held at South Kensington General Scott will succeed him as secretary. Mr. Cole will undertake the management of the London International Exhibition.

M. Didion, one of the Paris workmen who attended the funeral of the late Emperor Napoleon, writes to deny that it was a sham demonstation. He says that he is a poor cobbler, living in the Avenue des Ternes, and that the man who carried the banner wore a blouse because he had not another suit of clothes.

The *Lancet* is authorized to state that the Empress Eugenie, still a prey to sorrow, lives secluded in her apartment. The appetite is not restored, but within the last few days sleep has returned. The Prince Imperial has resumed his mathematical studies, and will in a few days re-enter the military school at Woolwich.

Rabbi Isaac Weiss, editor of the *Mekiltha*, and author of a book on the idiom of the "Mishna," has brought out the first volume of a history of Rabbinical literature, under the title, "Zur Geschichte de Judischen Tradition." Unfortunately, as it is written in Hebrew, it will only be accessible to Rabbinical scholars.

Mr. Disraeli is in good health, and has been spending several days at his London house, in Grosvenor-gate, preparing for the coming campaign. Of course, having been so recently bereaved, he will not on this occasion give the usual dinner on the eve of the opening of Parliament. That will be given on Wednesday by Mr. Gathorne Hardy.

The King of Bavaria has given a commission to the celebrated sculptor Halbig, for a colossal group representing the Crucifixion, to be erected on a mountain commanding the valley of the Ammes, in the Bavarian Highlands, the scene of the decennial Passion Play. The figure of the Saviour is to be carved out of an immense block of marble, weighing upwards of 14 cwt.

The author of the letters in the *Pall Mall Gazette* on "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity," in answer to Mr. Mill, turns out to be (as was, indeed, pretty generally understood) Mr. Fitzjames Stephen, Q.C. It seems to be generally thought that Mr. Mill will feel himself obliged to reply. His followers do not by any means allow that he has been vanquished, but outsiders are a good deal impressed by Mr. Stephen's trenchant style.

AT HOME.

The Address in the House of Lords will be moved by Lord Clarendon, and seconded by Lord Monteagle.

The co-operative colliery movement is meeting with a very favourable reception amongst the northern miners. In some colliery villages it has been taken up with great earnestness.

Notice has been sent by the City solicitor, Mr. T. J. Nelson, appointing the afternoon of Saturday, February 8, at two o'clock, for the ceremony of freeing Kew-bridge from toll.

Considerable local excitement has been caused in the Isle of Man by the reported discovery of anthracite coal, near Glenfaba Bridge, not far from Peel Town. Borings are to be made to ascertain the real nature of the deposits.

Liverpool has earnestly bestirred herself to honour the memory of her late representative, Mr. Graves; and a large public meeting has appointed a powerful committee to consider what form the deceased gentleman's memorial should assume.

A man named Schofield, a returned convict, has been apprehended for the murder of policeman Grey, near Alnwick. The prisoner was named in the policeman's dying deposition, and several circumstances show that he was in the locality on the day of the murder.

At Massford, near Castlecomer, on Saturday, Mr. William Hall, a colliery contractor, saw a light issuing from his stores, where gunpowder was kept. He went to ascertain the cause, and on entering a terrific explosion took place. He received such injuries that he died two hours afterwards.

Degree-day at Cambridge was marked by an absence of reference to things political. Dean Stanley came in for an ovation, as did the various favourites on the river and running path. The last man was presented with the wooden spoon bearing the Johnian arms, and decked with evergreens, which he bore off triumphantly, amid loud cheers.

Should no unforeseen accident occur, the Queen will open Parliament in person on the 6th inst. Whilst willing, however, to discharge this part of her public duty in conformity with precedent, Her Majesty, for the reasons that have governed her conduct since the death of the Prince Consort, has resolved that there shall be no State display.

It is announced that the refusal to increase the pay of the letter-carriers comes direct from the Treasury. The Post-master-General had recommended an augmentation of the men's salaries, but "my lords" have peremptorily refused to entertain it. This is the first instance, it is said, in which such a recommendation has not been complied with.

Shortly before six on Saturday morning a fire broke out in the storing-room of the flax spinning works of Messrs. Riley, Briggs, and Co., Hunslet. A fireman was dangerously injured by falling through one of the rooms on to one of the boilers. About £1,500 damage was done to the building, but the machinery was not injured, and the works will not be interfered with.

Although the fact has not yet been officially notified, a local journal has good authority for stating that in all probability the site selected some time ago at the junction of the higher and lower roads leading to Worplesdon for the Guildford military centre, will be abandoned, a careful examination of the land by the engineers having proved the subsoil to be composed of clay, and, therefore, not suitable for drainage purposes.

At the coroner's inquest on the bodies of Miss Kerr and Jane Toner, at Holywood, which concluded on Saturday, the evidence was almost entirely confined to the identification of the clothes worn by Miss Kerr, and which were found in the houses frequented by the prisoners, Mary and Charlotte Rea. Of the prisoners arrested on the charge of assisting the Reas in their attempt to escape, two were discharged, and the others remanded.

Shortly before dark on Friday evening, four scholars of Somerset College went up the Avon in a boat. Arriving at Bathampton weirs, they indiscreetly amused themselves by rowing into the rough water, the consequence being that the boat was drawn into an eddy and capsized. The two eldest youths, Edward Moscardi and Charles Seagrain, were drowned; a young gentleman named Goehr, a German, swam ashore; and the fourth, the younger Moscardi, was saved by a young gentleman named Allen, brother to Major Allen, M.P.

Accounts from South Wales are very far from encouraging. Immense distress already prevails among the men on strike and their families, and local public subscriptions are being set on foot. Mr. Brogden, M.P., has returned into the district to endeavour to arrange matters by a compromise. Meantime, it is an ugly sign that intimidation has been employed, and that more than one non-unionist has received threatening letters of the bad old stamp, calling for "Blood, blood, blood!"

The bodies of two framework-knitters named Noon and Wood, who lived at Mount Sorrel, were found on Saturday afternoon in the river Soar, which forms a portion of the canal from Barrow to Leicester. The two men went on Friday to a sale by auction, at a public-house at Barrow-on-Soar, a short distance from Loughborough, and it seems that after leaving the sale they called at another public-house, where they stayed until closing time, and then went homewards by the footpath, through a fog.

Captain Tyler, in reporting to the Board of Trade upon the accident which caused the death of Sir Donald M'Leod, recommends a uniform standard for passenger platforms and carriages on the metropolitan lines, and suggests that in the meantime the carriages should be supplied with continuous footboards. Captain Tyler also points out the necessity for careful supervision in regard to the starting of the trains, and expresses an opinion that there ought to be at least as many porters at each station as there may be trains in at any one time.

The rivers in the south of Ireland have been in heavy flood more or less during the winter, and salmon, it is said, have pushed up stream in great numbers. Although the season on the Bandon river does not open until the 1st of February, salmon have already been taken from that river, under circumstances, however, which can hardly be considered as an infringement of the law. A writer in the current number of *Land and Water* says:—"To give some idea of the immense height the rivers have been flooded to this winter, one day last week there were seven salmon killed in the streets of Bandon, some of them in the very houses."

At a meeting of the Gas Stokers' Defence and Aid Committee held on Saturday afternoon, Mr. George Potter, the chairman, said that the memorial praying for a mitigation of the unjust sentence upon the five gas stokers had been sent to Mr. Bruce on the 7th inst., and that not only had no reply been received, but the receipt of the memorial had not even been acknowledged. The treasurer announced that the subscriptions received up to the present time amounted to £212. The *Daily News* understands that a memorial from the imprisoned gas stokers to the Home Secretary is in preparation, expressing the contrition of the prisoners for the offence of which they have been convicted, and praying for a remission of their sentence.

On Sunday morning a report was spread in the village of Heston, about a mile and a half from Hounslow, that the wife of an owner of some little property in the village had met with her death by violent means. It appears that the woman was taken home on Saturday night by her husband, who was heard by a police-constable to say, "that he would pay her out in the morning." Nothing more was seen of the woman until the following morning, when the husband alarmed the neighbours by the information that his wife was lying dead on the sofa. Dr. Whitmarsh, of Hounslow, was immediately sent for, who ascertained upon external examination that she had sustained a fatal wound at the back of the head. The husband is detained in custody.

A serious accident occurred last week at the Solway Hematite Ironworks, Maryport. Seven men employed at the works entered a cage worked by an engine for the purpose of descending from the top of the furnaces, when, owing to some cause or other, as yet unexplained, the rope which was attached to the cage slipped from the cylinder, and the cage fell some distance before the rope tightened. The tightening of the rope gave a sudden check to the downward progress of the cage, and the jerk caused the whole of the men to be thrown out of the cage. They fell a depth of between thirty and forty feet. One man had his thighs broken, another had his legs broken, and a third, it is said, had his spine fractured. Some of the men are so seriously injured that they are not expected to recover.

While a large number of persons were skating on a mill-dam near Bradford, the ice gave way, and five gentlemen fell into the water. All were quickly rescued, except Mr. Benjamin Hird, of Shipley, ironfounder. He kept up a long time, and many efforts were made to reach him, but the ice being thin and breaking all round him, they were unavailing, and he sank. The body was not recovered until two hours afterwards. Mr. Hird was thirty-eight years of age, and leaves a widow and eight children. At Dunfermline, while three boys were amusing themselves on the ice on the Town Loch, they all fell into the water. A woman threw a clothes-line to one of the lads, who seized hold of it, and was drawn to the bank. The other two boys were drowned. The one was a son, and the other a grandson, of Mr. Beveridge, Dunfermline, and both resided with him.

The Irish constabulary has always been eminent for its loyalty and bravery, and for the discretion it has shown under the most trying circumstances. It has more than once rooted out dangerous conspiracy; and, in spite of what its enemies may say, has been tolerably successful in the detection of crime. Half a dozen men of the Irish constabulary can stop a faction fight, overawe the boisterous gathering at a fair, and protect the property of a parish. The constable is perpetually before the eyes of an untamed peasantry, a walking pattern of obedience, self-control and self-dependence. This is the functionary the Ministry are about to remodel. The first step in the process is to take away his arms and give him a baton. The sale of the carbines will, it is thought, cover the expense of the new equipment, and a great reduction of the officers of the "Force" will swell Mr. Lowe's surplus by a few pounds. The "reform" will also fling a halo round the "Church" and "Land" Acts, for it will certainly *seem* that Ireland has really been pacified.

A very sad accident occurred at Golspie on Saturday night. Four young men left in the afternoon for Little Ferry in an open boat for a sail, the distance being upwards of three miles. On returning, the boat was struck by a sudden squall and capsized, the four young men being thrown into the sea. They all managed, however, to get on the bottom of the boat, and after clinging there for some time as they were drifting seawards one of them, Adam Macdonald, a fisher lad, proposed to attempt swimming to land with a view to getting his companions rescued. He then stripped himself naked, and bravely committed himself to the deep, the night being dark and intensely frosty, and the distance from land being upwards of a mile. By-and-bye the three on the boat, who continued to cry for assistance, heard him shout, "All right, boys; hold on now," and they believed he had got safely on shore. But no relief coming, they continued to shout, their cries being heard in the village; but as the night was fine it was believed the party were singing. At last apprehensions for their safety were felt, and two well-manned boats proceeded in the direction of the cries, and about 8 o'clock the three were rescued, in a very exhausted state. Search was then made in vain for the missing lad, but it was believed he had reached land. Although the rescued three expressed their confidence that he had, on Sunday morning the lifeless body was found by the lad's mother, about 150 yards from the beach, and a mile from the nearest house.

AT SEA.

Some of the St. Andrew's fishing-boats, returning from deep-sea fishing, came upon a quantity of wreck floating near the Carr Rock. The top of a mast was at times seen in a trough of the sea.

The *Bride*, passenger steamer, plying between Hayle and Bristol, came into collision on Monday with the schooner *Sarah King*, which sank in a few minutes. The crew were saved, although they had a very narrow escape.

At two o'clock on Sunday morning the brig *Otto*, Sandberg master, laden with sugar from Bahia, and bound for Falmouth for orders, went ashore in Mount's Bay, one mile east of Penzance. The night was very dark, and a gale of wind from the south-west was blowing. The lifeboat *Richard Lewis* went off, and brought the captain and seven men ashore.

On Sunday morning the three-masted schooner *No.* 4, of Arundel, was totally wrecked on the Abertay Sands, near Dundee. Fortunately all the crew of six men were saved, three by means of their own boat, and the remainder by the Buddon Ness lifeboat *Eleonora*, they being saved from pieces of the wreck.

The brig *Ercole*, of Naples, being in distress on Sunday night, off St. Ann's Head, during bad weather and in a heavy sea, the Milford lifeboat *Katherine*, which belongs to the Lifeboat Institution, proceeded out, and having put three of her crew on board the brig, she was rescued from her perilous position, and brought safely into Milford haven.

The barque *Mastrooms*, of Amsterdam, in ballast, went on the Goodwin Sands during the gale. The Ramsgate Harbour steamer and the lifeboat *Bradford*, and the Broadstairs lifeboat of the National Institution, went off to her assistance on signal being made by the lightships. Fortunately the vessel and her crew have been safely taken into Ramsgate harbour.

The steamer *Wanzerland*, the Prussian emigrant ship bound for Brazil—one of whose passengers was Dr. Hessel, the clergyman detained on suspicion of being connected with the Coram-street murder, has sailed from Ramsgate. The emigrants have been kindly treated during their enforced stay, and several have determined to remain in England rather than proceed to Brazil.

On Saturday evening the brig *Betsy Quirk*, of Douglas, bound from Douglas, Isle of Man, to Ramsay, in ballast, missed stays when near Clay Head, and becoming unmanageable, she drove ashore within 200 yards of the land. It was then high water, and blowing very fresh, with a heavy surf on the beach. The Manchester and Salford Sunday Schools' lifeboat went out to her, but, as the tide was rapidly falling, the services of the lifeboat became unnecessary, and having waited until all danger was past, she returned to the shore.

Early on Sunday morning signals of distress were exhibited from a vessel ashore about two miles from Hornsea, near Hull. The rocket apparatus was taken to the spot, and by its aid two of the crew were taken off the wreck, over which the sea was breaking heavily. The remainder, fifteen in number, were saved by the Hornsea lifeboat, belonging to the National Institution, which put off through a rough sea. The vessel proved to be the barque *Milton Lockhart*, of North Shields.

An American brigantine, the *Albert*, bound from London for Berbice, which had been for several weeks beating down the Channel against the adverse weather, was run into on Saturday near the Lizard by a large barque, the officers of which refused to give her name, and left without rendering any assistance. The brigantine's captain was crushed by a spar while endeavouring to get his wife on the barque, and killed. One of the brigantine's crew is missing, and is supposed to have climbed on board the barque. The *Albert*, though disabled, succeeded in reaching Plymouth.

ON THE RAILWAYS.

A serious collision occurred on the Midland Railway, about ten miles from Nottingham, at an early hour on Saturday morning. At about two o'clock the express goods train from London to the North was proceeding along the Erewash Valley Railway when it came upon a mineral train which was on the same line. The driver of the goods express did not perceive the obstruction in time to stop his engine, which dashed with great violence into the mineral train. The driver and stoker miraculously escaped any serious injury.

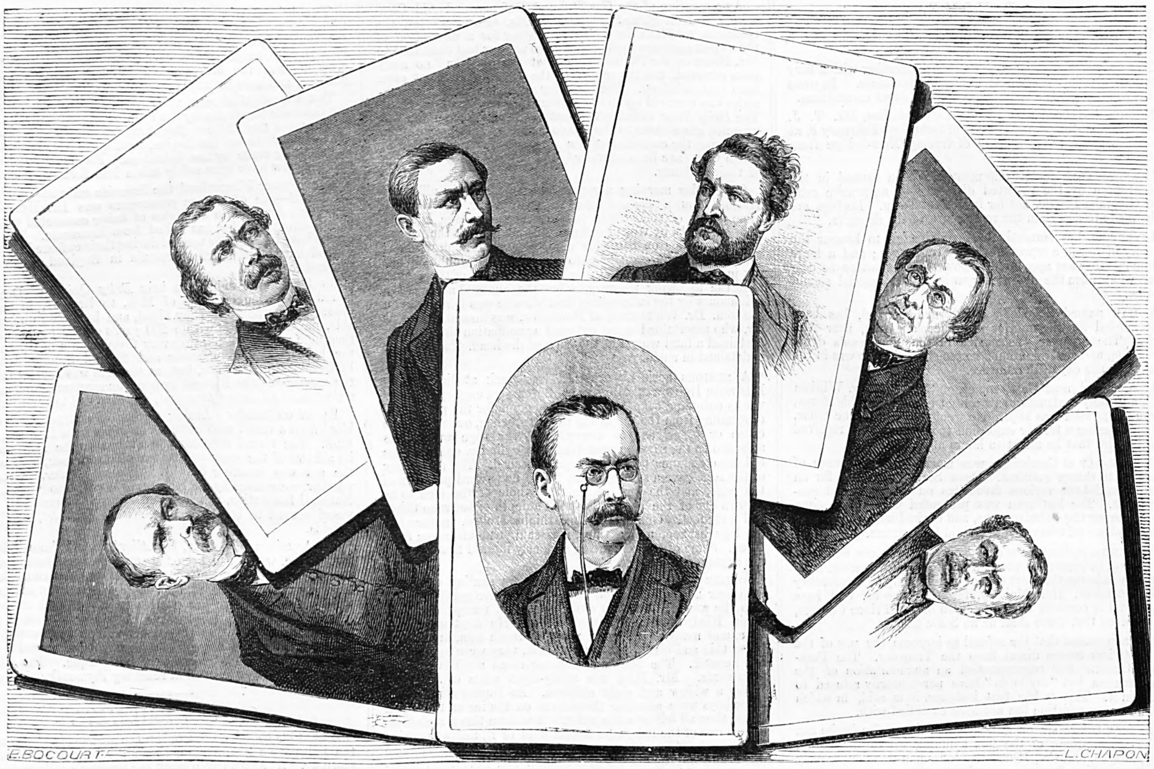
A fatal accident, which was owing to the density of the fog on Saturday, is reported from Derby. A number of platelayers were engaged in repairing the permanent way at the north end of the Midland station. An engine, engaged in shunting passenger carriages, came up with a train unperceived by the workmen, owing to the mist that prevailed, and knocked down two of them. Eaton died as soon as he was admitted into the hospital, but Booth, who was severely injured in his hands and feet, is still alive. Several other casualties occurred during the day, but none of them fatal.

A fatal accident happened on Friday morning near the goods station of the Caledonian Railway at Arbroath. A waggon was caught by an engine and several waggons coming along the main line, and forced off the metals towards a third line of rails. Duncan Currie, a despatch porter, was standing between the lines of rail, where he would have been quite safe had the waggon kept the metals. As it was, he was struck, and the whole of the upper part of his body was crushed between it and some waggons which were standing on the third line, against which it was driven. Death was instantaneous. The unfortunate man was about 46 years of age. He has left a widow and seven or eight young children.

A passenger train from Newcastle to Whitby ran into a mineral train on the Darlington section of the North-Eastern Railway on Saturday morning. On reaching the Newport curve, and passing the Newport Ironworks at a speed of fifteen miles an hour, the engine-driver perceived a mineral train standing upon the same line of rails, and not more than 100 yards before him. He used every effort to stop his train, but such was the slippery state of the rails that his train ran into the other at a rate of above ten miles an hour. The driver was thrown from his engine to the ground by the force of the concussion, sustaining severe injuries to his hands and arms, and all the passengers in the train were shaken.

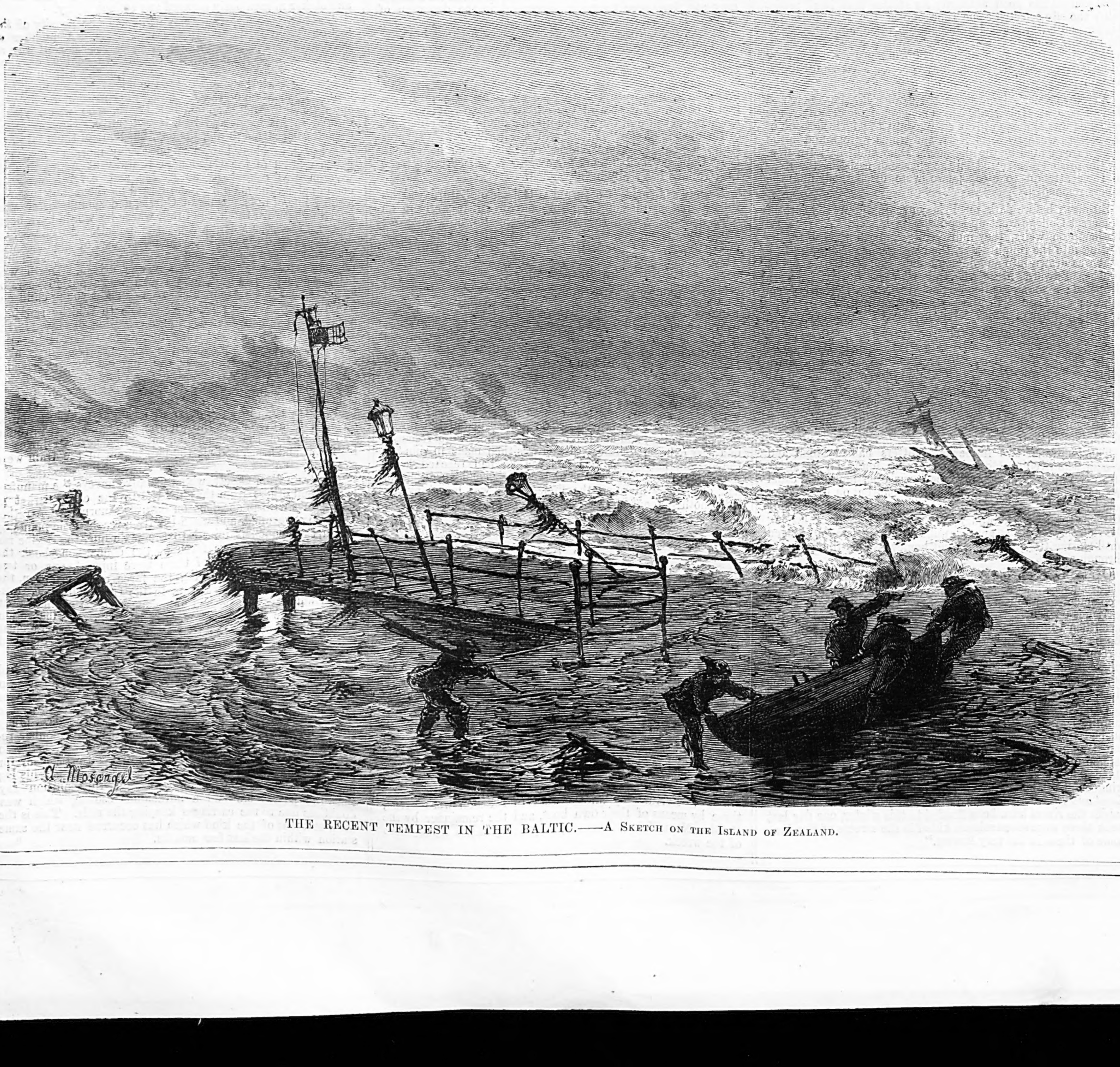
The train from Ossett, which usually conveys the manufacturers and others from that district to the cloth-market at Leeds, met with an accident on Saturday morning. A rather heavy fog prevailed, and when the train reached the points by which the branch is joined to the main line, the engine ran into another train. The force of the concussion shook the passengers, and several of them were injured, one or two rather severely. As showing the force of the collision, the partitions of the compartments in the Lancashire and Yorkshire train were all smashed by persons being thrown against them, and the floor-boards were pressed up. An inspection of the carriages showed that some of the passengers must have sustained severe cuts, as there was a quantity of blood scattered about.

A fast train came into collision with a coal train which had just left the sidings at the Old Silkstone Colliery, about two miles from Barnsley, on Monday. The engine and carriages of the express were driven back nearly thirty yards by the force of the collision, but without leaving the rails. Many of the passengers sustained severe injuries. A number received cuts on the head, one man, named Goddard, being so seriously injured that he had to be taken to Barnsley for surgical treatment. The guard of the goods train had his leg cut and crushed. All who witnessed the collision say that the passengers had a miraculous escape, which was doubtless due to the carriages keeping the rails. This is the third accident of the kind which has occurred near the same station within the last few months.


E. BOCOURT
L. CHAPON

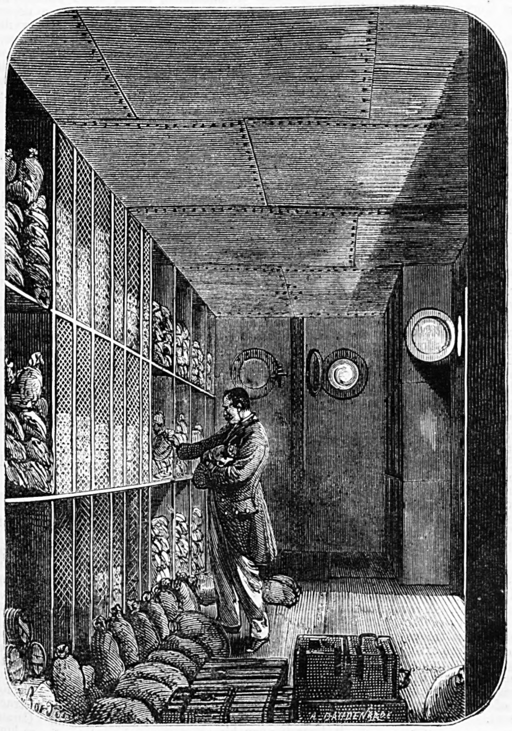
M. Wetti. M. Schenk. M. Scherer. M. P. Ceresol, President. M. Borel. M. Nœf. M. Knusel.

THE MEMBERS OF THE NEW SWISS FEDERAL COUNCIL.

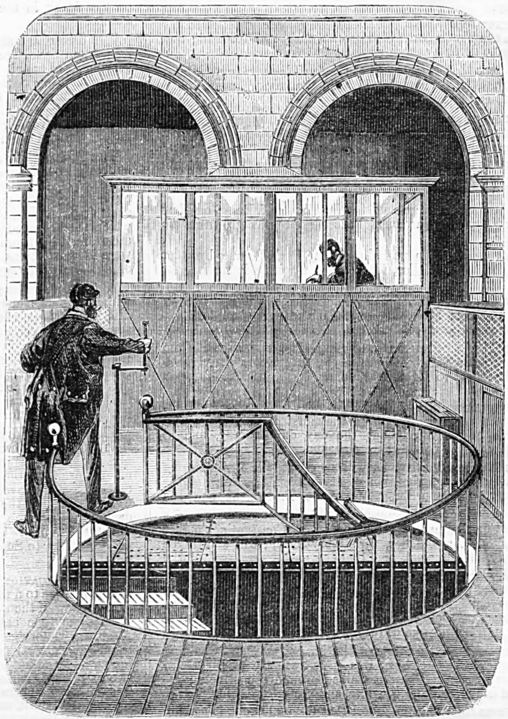


THE RECENT TEMPEST IN THE BALTIC.—A Sketch on the Island of Zealand.

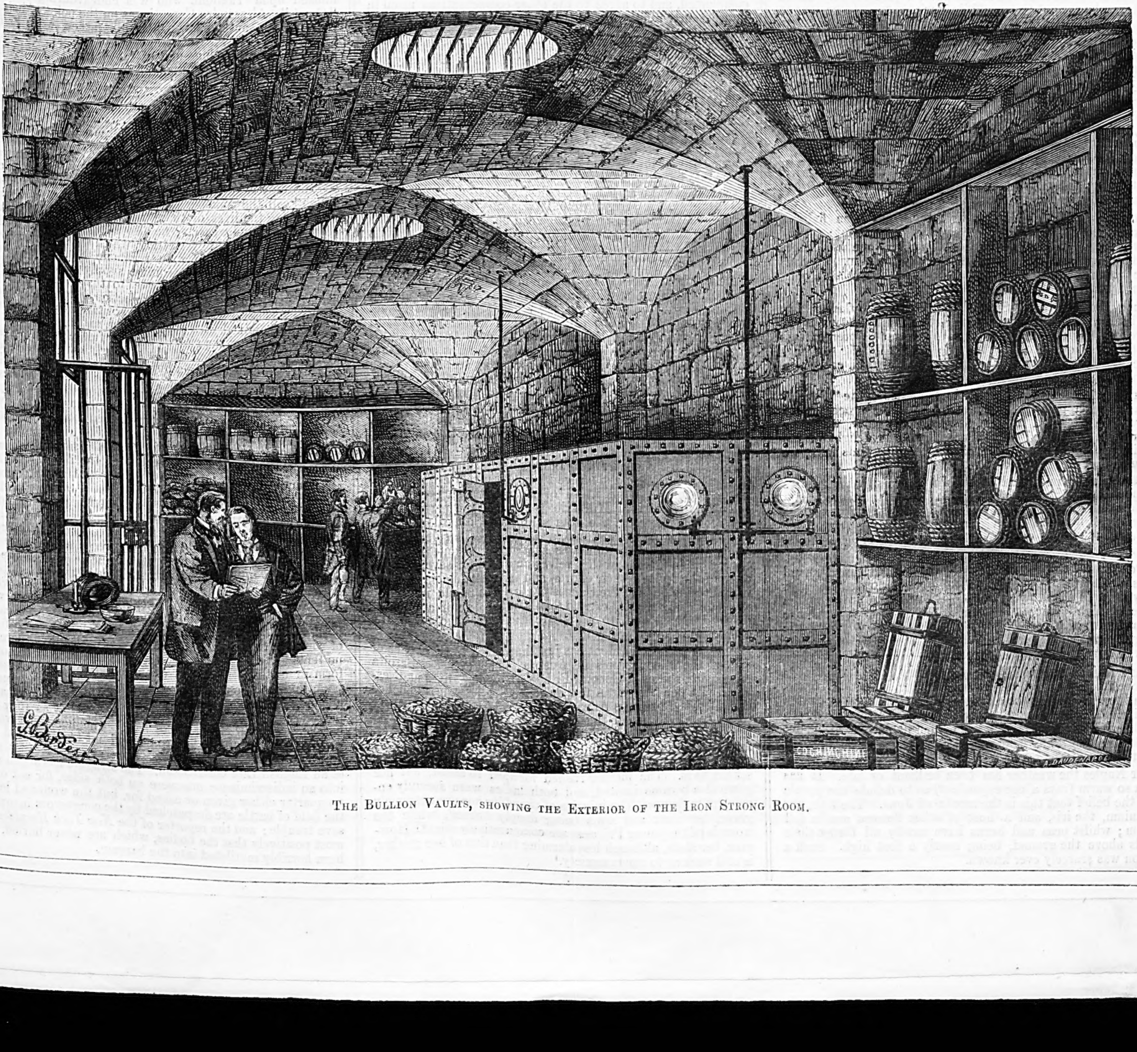
HOW THE GERMAN WAR INDEMNITY IS STORED UP IN THE FRENCH TREASURY.



Interior of the Iron Strong Room.



Closing up the Entrance to the Vaults.



The Bullion Vaults, showing the Exterior of the Iron Strong Room.

ABROAD.

A CABLE telegram reports an enormous quantity of snow as having fallen in Canada.

A HINDOO Freemasons' Lodge has been established in Bombay.

TWENTY-ONE native policemen have been committed for trial in the North Arcot district on a charge of torturing and putting to death a suspected dacoit.

WE hear that there has been a terrible outrage at Morar, Gwalior, in the 1st battalion 11th Foot, a private having shot a sergeant and a private on parade.

THE shooting galleries in Paris have multiplied rapidly of late, and all are well patronised. The invariable target is a Prussian soldier with a chimney clock clasped to his bosom.

ADVICES from Lima announce that an attempt to assassinate Senor Pardo, the President of Peru, by means of torpedoes has been discovered and frustrated.

STRAWBERRIES were sold in the streets of Rome on New Year's Day, and gardeners have picked peas grown in the open air.

A NOTICE has been posted up at the Paris Bourse, by order of the Prefect of Police, interdicting smoking in the interior of the building.

JEWISH children attending public schools in Russia are, by virtue of recent rules, dispensed from attending on Sabbaths and the seven principal festivals.

THE Kooka prisoners are being silently removed from Allahabad to their lifelong asylums. Three have been recently sent] to Moulmein, and three to the fort at Asseergurh.

A SLIGHT eruption of Mount Vesuvius has occurred. Red-hot stones were thrown up in the midst of flames to a considerable height throughout the day on Saturday, and at Castellamare the windows were shaken.

THE German Parliament will meet at the beginning of March for the consideration of several matters of a weighty character. It is presumed that the Parliament and the Prussian Diet will sit simultaneously.

IT is reported upon good authority at Constantinople that the British Ambassador, Sir Henry Elliot, will shortly be recalled from his post, and that the entire *personnel* of the British diplomatic officials in the East will be changed.

A PUMPKIN PIE, ten feet in diameter and four feet deep, was the chief feature of a California dinner recently. The enjoyment of the guests was marred somewhat by a child falling into the pie and drowning before their eyes.

A SUCCESSFUL evasion of the Prussian order forbidding the display of the tricolour was recently made at Strasburg by three young ladies who walked around the streets; one dressed in red, another in white, and the third in blue.

ADVICES from Arizona report that General Crook is making some effective attacks upon the hostile Apache Indians, and that in one raid recently, his troops near Fort M'Dowell fought them for five hours and gave them a severe punishment, killing 59 savages, and capturing 20.

WITHIN the last few days the sale of the photographs of Napoleon III. in Paris has largely increased. One photographer alone has received an order for 10,000 copies. These photographs are not to be sold in Paris, but are to be sent to Germany.

ACCORDING to the *Esperanza*, a Carlist who has had the intrepidity to reckon up the official reports of his party disasters, concludes that Saballs has sustained 72 complete and 101 incomplete dispersions, 35 great and 82 smaller routs, and has lost 545 men killed on the field, 3,223 wounded, 894 taken, and 412 amnestied.

A FUNERAL SERVICE for the Emperor Napoleon was to have been celebrated at St. Denis on Sunday, but was countermanded. General Ladmirault has issued a decree suspending for one month the sale of the *Grelot*, an illustrated satirical print, in the public streets, on account of its having published some grossly insulting verses on the late Emperor.

THE last African mail says that there has been fighting between the natives and Europeans at Black Point; several natives were killed and two Europeans were wounded. There had been a fire at Bonny on December 30, and many houses were destroyed. King George and Oko Jumbo have left Bonny to hold palavers with Ja Ja at Opobo.

AN ancient festival in Switzerland, *la fête des femmes*, has just been celebrated. In the second week of January it is the usage in Aargau for all the women to assume the prerogatives of "the lords of creation" for one day. The *fête* this year came off splendidly. Every woman was a man, and every man was nobody.

AT Travancore two justices sitting together on the "Bench" disputed on a point of law, and from words proceeded to blows. One learned gentleman seized the ruler, while the other took off one of his shoes, and, to the delight of the public, proceeded to fight. As the narrative ends here, we presume they were left fighting.

THE rumour published in certain journals that M. Thiers intended to visit the Vienna Exposition is absolutely contradicted. M. Thiers has come to no resolution on the subject, and he could only visit Vienna as the representative of France, and that only if a Congress of Sovereigns should be convened.

A GOOD deal of the manual labour at the African diamond fields is performed by the native Kaffirs for a low rate of pay. They work in a state of nudity, and when they have found a stone of high value, it is said they sometimes receive the extra reward of a cast-off paper shirt-collar, in which, on the Saturday half-holiday and the succeeding Sunday, they appear in proud pre-eminence amongst their fellows.

THE Minister of the Interior of Prussia has at Berlin made a move towards a better observance of the Sabbath. Henceforth the shops must be closed during the hours of church service. This order was first put in force last Sunday. To English readers this may not seem much like a revolution, but in Berlin it provokes genuine alarm. It is at least a sign of the times.

AT Naples the weather has been brilliant of late. It has been so warm (says a correspondent) as to delude the people into the belief that this is the month of June. The lilac, the geranium, the iris, and a host of other flowers are in full bloom; whilst peas and beans have mostly all thrust their heads above the ground, being nearly a foot high. Such a eason was scarcely ever known.

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THE Persian Ambassador informs the newspapers that Persia has not ceded to Russia by secret treaty a portion of territory on the banks of the Atrek. Perhaps his Excellency will go a little further, and tell us by what instrument, not a secret treaty, the Russians have established Fort Tchikisliar on the Atrek, in the country of the Turkomans subject to Persia?

THE drivers and stokers on both the northern and southern railways in Spain are out on strike for increase of wages and shortening of hours. The movement originated with the men on the line from Saragossa to Barcelona, their fellows on the Valentia-Tarragona Railway quickly following. The companies are making vigorous efforts to fill the men's places by importations from France and Belgium, but of these a great majority return when apprised of the real state of matters.

THE *Times* prints an extraordinary story of how six Communist prisoners escaped from the fortress of Port Louis, on the coast of Brittany. The statement is that the prisoners, by incessant labour for three months, contrived to sink a shaft thirteen feet in depth, and then excavated a tunnel, by which they escaped on to the rocks at low water, having ascertained the times of the tides. Three hundred prisoners were in the fortress, and all were aware of what was going on, but the writer says the secret was never betrayed.

A MAN in a village near Hanover, whose wife was afflicted with the gout, had been advised by a quack doctor that the disease could be cured effectually by the administration of super-heat. Determined this pattern husband was to carry out the recipe, and so, in spite of the woman's most formal objections, he took and inserted her into his baker's oven. Heart-rending shrieks were heard, but the medical husband, believing in his treatment, took no notice of them. When they ceased, the poor woman was found a half-charred corpse. The man has been arrested for "homicide by carelessness!"

TELEGRAPHIC advices have been received at St. Petersburg from Omsk which contain an account given by an Englishman, Mr. Elias, who has just come from Pekin, of an attack by 300 mountaineers on the town of Gobdo. The attack was made on the 18th of November. Two hundred of the inhabitants were killed, and the town was given up to plunder for two days. The Chinese garrison, consisting of 1,500 men, shut themselves up in the fortress. The Russian merchants fled for safety to Suak. The mountaineers withdrew to the South.

A COMMUNICATION from Morocco furnishes some harrowing details relative to a fact thoroughly Oriental, and that gives a sinister view of the moral state of that empire. A revolt took place some time back against the authority of the Sultan. After the victory gained by the Government troops not far from Tangier, forty of the principal chiefs were executed, and the pasha could not imagine anything better than to salt those two score heads and send them to the Emperor. He ordered the Jewish butchers to perform that hideous operation, but they refused, until, under the threat of death in case of noncompliance, they were forced to consent.

THE German Imperial Chancellor has applied to the Federal Council of the Empire for authority to negotiate a treaty of navigation with Russia similar to those already concluded by Russia with other countries. Russia is prepared to accept such a treaty, but, it is stated, declines to modify the higher tariffs of which vessels from German ports have long complained, and to agree to the other compensations usual in international relations. If the Federal Government intends to negotiate with Russia on these bases, there will certainly be a renewal of the unanimous complaints which have long been directed against the Customs relations of Germany and the Russian Empire.

A CHARMING example of Prussian beaurocratic refinement is afforded by the case of some Bonn Catholics. The Government lately inhibited a telegram sent by them to the Pope. Thereupon they prepared a long engrossed protest to the King, and carried it to the post. It was returned with the statement that it exceeded the legal weight allowed for letters, and must be sent as a package. As a package, therefore, it was re-deposited at the post-office, addressed, as before, to his Majesty. A second time it was returned. Under the executive regulations no package can be sent directly to his Majesty; infernal machines, perhaps, are feared, and it is considered advisable that an intermediate functionary or two should be first blown up. So another conveyance was found.

BY the last advices the situation in Catalonia appears to be somewhat improved. The reception of letters in Madrid from Gerona shows that communication has been re-established. The curé Santa-Cruz has caused several mayors of towns to be shot in reprisal for the murder of the curé Anoeta and his companion, committed by the people indignant at some other atrocities of the Carlists. It is feared that still more severe reprisals will be executed, as the population of Guipuzcoa are greatly exasperated by the cruelties committed by the band of the Jesuit Goiriena and others. The Carlist *cabecilla* Ruda has ordered all the masters of the railway stations to suspend the service of the line from Tudela to Pampeluna under pain of death.

A CASE lately occurred in India which brings into curious contrast English law and native ideas. An estate was in litigation among the members of a family which originally belonged to one of the Hill Tribes. One of the parties, after litigating through all the courts in India, appealed to the Privy Council in England, and, according to the rule in these cases, the Indian decision was suspended meantime. The successful suitors found themselves deprived for several years more of the fruit of their efforts, and in this dilemma they reverted to the faith of their ancestors, caught an old idiot who was wandering about, carried him to the top of a hill, and there sacrificed him, to propitiate the gods who ruled the decisions of the Privy Council.

A VERY serious accident has just happened to two ladies of one of the first families in Austria. The Princess Sarolta Auersperg, widow of General Prince Alexander, lives at Presburg with her family. A few days ago her Highness and her daughter, the Princess Anna, 20 years of age, were preparing to go to a ball when the latter let an ornament fall. The femme-de-chambre placed a light on the floor to look for it, and the younger lady, unfortunately turing round without noticing the act, placed her dress in contact with the flame and set fire to it. The mother rushed forward to assist, but her gown also became ignited, and both ladies were speedily enveloped in flames. The injuries of the elder one are extremely grave, her neck and arms being deeply burned, while the wounds of the young Princess are comparatively slight. However, her state, although less alarming than that of her mother, is still such as to cause anxiety.

FROM Bombay comes a statement which, if found to be true, will probably affect in no slight degree the course of the friendly controversy between England and Russia on the Central Asian question. A Lahore journal publishes the news that Sirdar Abdulrahman, acting under Russian instigation, has attacked and captured Fort Histar, a dependency of Cabul, sending the Governor to the Russians; while a similar attack—by surprise, as it would seem—on Sherabat, in Cabul, by Sirdar Mahomed Isa Khan, has also succeeded, the Governor being treated in the same way. Abdulrahman, it is said, intends "making Fort Hissar his *point d'appui* for an attack on Affghan Turkestan;" so, if we may credit the Lahore paper, the plot in Central Asia is thickening faster than perchance its authors desired.

THE following are some details relative to the escape of the three convicts from the Prison des Chantiers, at Versailles. Their names were Haranne, sentenced to ten years' hard labour; Bouteau, to deportation in a fortified place; and Santer, to transportation. The first was employed as cook, and instead of sleeping in the common dormitory, lived in a wooden hut near the kitchens, which circumstance furnished him with great facilities for working at night in the construction of a subterranean passage from the cell of one of them, in which task he was aided by the third, who enjoyed comparative liberty in the place, as he had charge of the lamps. The design was furnished and instructions given by the second, who had formerly been in an architect's office. As Haranne went out daily, under guard, to buy provisions, he had no difficulty in procuring the necessary tools and the change of clothes required. The evasion took place at about eight in the evening, and was not discovered until midnight, when, as the lights were not extinguished, search was made for Santer, and as he could not be found, the officer on duty commenced an examination, and ultimately discovered the way by which they had escaped. The passage was worked through a sandy soil, and went under the outer wall and adjoining road to a garden, at which point they issued into the open air. No tidings of the fugitives have yet been received; and they are believed to have left the soil of France.

AN Italian paper gives a dramatic account of the death of the renowned brigand Luigi Camerini, known by the nickname of the "Omet." On the night of the 8th inst., shortly before 12 o'clock, a certain Giovanni Caranti, of San Bernardino di Lugo, heard a knocking at the window of his bedroom, which was on the ground-floor. He asked who knocked at that late hour, and was answered that it was Camerini, who bade him fear nothing and open the door, for that all he wanted was a little food. The door opened, Camerini entered, accompanied by another man, a certain Angelo Taglioni, thirty years of age. Caranti set food before them; but suddenly Camerini started up and declared he must have 300 crowns. At the same moment the two malefactors, who were armed with double-barrelled guns, confronted Caranti, who declared it was impossible for him to give them such a sum. Thereupon Camerini struck him on the left cheek with the barrel of his gun. Caranti threw himself upon his aggressor, and tried to disarm him, but he stepped back, struck him a blow in the belly, and pulled the trigger. Luckily the cap did not explode. Caranti then wrested the gun from Camerini's hands, put the muzzle to his breast, and fired the second barrel. The bandit fell dead. Meanwhile Caranti's son, a young man of twenty-one, threw himself upon Taglioni, who was endeavouring to help the "Omet." Alessandro Caranti was on the point of being overcome by his antagonist, when his father, who had killed Camerini, went to his assistance and knocked Taglioni down by a blow from the butt-end of the gun. Taglioni still tried to resist, but unsuccessfully, and was secured.

SEVERAL German provinces are suffering at this moment from a plague of rats. Agriculturists are in despair at the havoc committed by them in the colza and clover fields, and sportsmen equally complain that hares and other ground game are destroyed by the arsenic and phosphorus pills strewn about to compass the destruction of the rats. Dr. Michelsen recommends the expedient of reverting to the natural laws which keep the balance between different races of animals, and sparing the lives of these natural enemies of rats, owls, crows, foxes, and weasels; he also suggests the introduction of the British sport of ferretting, which would certainly afford a new sensation, likely to reconcile both sportsmen and farmers to a somewhat inordinate supply of rats. Either of these methods seems preferable to that introduced by an expert, and said to give real satisfaction, but which reads not unlike a mediæval torture. A composition of plaster dust and dry wheat is mixed with oil of aniseed, and placed in an earthenware saucer, by the side of another full of water. The rats, attracted by the smell of the aniseed, eagerly devour the mixture, which produces a burning thirst. No sooner do they drink, to relieve this torment, than the plaster becomes solid under the action of the water, resists digestion, and speedily puts an end to their existence. A fair fight with an owl or a weasel must seem a more honourable end to a well-conditioned rat.

CESPEDES, the leader of the Cuban insurgents, has been "interviewed" by a correspondent of the *New York Herald*, who sends to that journal a long account of the reception accorded him by the rebel chief, and of the latter's view as to the future of Cuba. Cespedes, according to the reporter, stated that his army of 12,000 men could easily be raised to four times that number, but he had determined to carry on a war of ambuscade, which did not require any very large force, and he felt confident that, with time and climate upon his side, he would wear out the patience of the Spaniards, and obtain the national independence. After depicting the personal appearance and uniform of the general-in chief, the interviewer goes on to speak of what he saw on his way through the camp to head-quarters. There were about 500 soldiers, three-fourths of whom were negroes. The arms were piled, but there were no tents to be seen. Some had nothing in the shape of uniform or clothing beyond a cloth round the loins, others had boots and trousers, but few were so far equipped as to possess a shirt. The heat being very great, this is not so disadvantageous as might seem at first sight, especially as they could boast of broad-brimmed straw hats. The horsemen were all provided with gaiters, but some had no trousers, and their appearance in the saddle would scarcely excite the admiration of an English Life Guardsman. The struggle has degenerated into an indiscriminate massacre on both sides, for not only is no quarter either given or asked for, but the wounded left on the field of battle are despatched by the conquerors in order to save trouble; and the reporter of the *New York Herald* states most positively that the bodies, which are never buried, have been horribly mutilated into the bargain.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE LOSS OF THE "NORTHFLEET."

A full account of the lamentable catastrophe depicted upon our first page, taken from the lips of one of the survivors, will be found in another column. One of our smaller engravings, on page 72, represents the rescue of the passengers in the starboard lifeboat, of which Thomas Biddiss, who was shot by Captain Knowles for refusing to obey orders, and who lies at the Dover Hospital, gives the following account:—He says he is a single man, and was going out to Tasmania as a labourer. He retired to rest about half-past ten in the evening of Wednesday, and he thinks he had been in bed not quite half-an-hour when the vessel received a very severe shock. On getting out of bed, he ascertained that the vessel had been run into by a steamer, and almost immediately after he had received this information the ship's carpenter, having examined the injured part of the vessel, gave orders for all hands to get on deck as quickly as possible, as the vessel was sinking. Biddiss went upon deck with the rest, where a scene of great confusion presented itself. The emigrants were streaming up on the deck half-dressed, and almost mad with fright. The confusion had increased on deck. Some men were going about to find their wives and children; some were preparing for the event which every one knew must happen unless they received help from on shore or from a passing ship; some laid hold of spare spars, ladders, pails, &c.,—indeed, anything that would float; others were rushing frantically to the boats; but amid all was heard the voice of Captain Knowles, who, having seen his wife into one of the boats, stood at the wheel giving directions for the firing of signals, and devising the best means for saving as many lives as possible out of 400. "The women first; I'll shoot the man that dares to get into a boat;" but this threat, Biddiss says, came almost too late. Biddiss saw that the boats on either side were filling fast with men, and, seeing no reason why he should not make an effort for his life as well as the rest, he jumped into a boat at the stern almost immediately under the captain's eye, in which the captain's wife was sitting under the care of the boatswain. The captain saw the movement, and, anxious that every chance of escape should be given to the frightened women, he ordered him out. Biddiss knew that the vessel would sink almost immediately, and this was his last chance of escape, so he resolutely refused to obey orders. The captain repeated the order, and threatened to fire if he was not obeyed. The boatswain, who had charge of the captain's wife, attempted to force him out, but it was of no avail. Captain Knowles motioned to the boatswain to stand clear, and discharged his revolver at Biddiss's head, and he almost felt the ball pass over his head. The captain, discovering that the first shot had not hit its intended mark, fired again, and this time with effect, for the ball embedded itself in the flesh just above the left knee. Biddiss almost forgot the pain which followed, owing to the shrieks and cries for help proceeding from the now fast-sinking vessel, which were awful, almost drowning the sound of the alarm-bell, which rang incessantly. The boat in which Biddiss had escaped, but with barely life, was still lying alongside; and the unfortunate people still on board, finding that it was the only available chance of escape with their lives, made a rush to the stern of the vessel to get in, but Captain Knowles still persevered in endeavouring to save the women. Again the revolver was raised at the first man who entered the boat, the trigger was pulled, but, fortunately for the man at whom it was aimed, the pistol missed fire; the boat was soon filled with the five others, and before Captain Knowles could offer any further remonstrance the boat's ropes were cast off, and the boat was rowed hurriedly away to the tug, which had just steamed up to the spot and lighted up the horrible scene with red lights. Hardly had the boat, containing the captain's wife, the boatswain, and four labourers, including Biddiss, got alongside the tug, when, by the gleam of the last rocket in the sky and the lights from the tug, the figurehead of the *Northfleet* was seen slowly to sink under water. The crowded stern rose up in the sea, and, with a loud rushing noise, almost immediately disappeared.

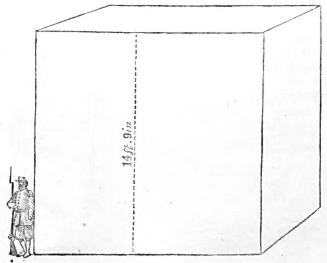
The other small illustration shows the port lifeboat leaving the ill-fated ship. Of her a survivor has written:—"I got at a boat on the port quarter, which a crowd had been partially hauling up, and had lowered down on one side, hanging by the head over the water, and likely to be swamped as soon as she touched it. I jumped in, cut away the tackle, and down we went, thirty of us, when we came to count all safely afloat. I had seen away on the port bow a steamer coming up, hand over hand, and we hailed for her with a will, and were only just in time to get clear of the ship, which almost immediately settled down, and dived under head foremost. There was no more shrieking after this, except from Mrs. Sturgeon there, who was in hysterics, and believed she was being drowned all the way ashore. The steamer turned out to be the steam tug *City of London*, which brought us safe to Dover."

THE SWISS FEDERAL COUNCIL.

The portraits we present to our readers are those of the leading members of the Swiss Federal Council, who form the Executive Government of the Helvetian Republic. One of the first acts of the newly-elected body has been to send a vote of thanks to the French Government on the payment of the indemnity due for the maintenance of Bourbaki's army during their forced sojourn in Switzerland. This vote of thanks was couched in highly complimentary terms, which would seem to imply that the advent of a Republican form of government in France is looked upon as tending to a closer friendship than has yet existed between that Power and her neighbour. M. Ceresoles, the President of the Federal Council, is himself of French descent, and will probably do his best to foster this feeling.

THE RECENT STORMS IN THE BALTIC.

In a recent number we spoke of the frightful ravages occasioned by the late inundations in Denmark—inundations mainly due to the terrible tempests which, sweeping on to the Baltic, drove its waters in overwhelming masses on to the low-lying districts adjacent. These floods invaded the islands of Zealand, Funen, Laaland, and Falster, ravaging the cultivated ground, and carrying away whole villages. The greater part of the town of Praestoë, on the island of Zealand, was destroyed; whilst the little isle of Bottoë remained for twelve hours under water, during which period the few inhabitants upon it perished. More than a hundred craft of different sizes were cast upon shore in a more or less shattered condition. Our illustration, from a sketch taken on the spot by a Danish artist, represents a view on the shore of the island of Zealand.



THE GERMAN WAR INDEMNITY.

At a moment when great excitement has been created in the financial world by the widely circulated though utterly groundless report that the negotiations commenced in London by the Messrs. Rothschild for the payment of the fifth milliard due from France to Germany had broken down, we conceive that a view of the vaults of the French Treasury, in which a large portion of the next instalment of this indemnity is already deposited, will be of interest to our readers.

But, first, as to the actual indemnity itself. The five milliards, or five thousand million francs, required for this would in the bullion of the French coinage, which consists of nine-tenths gold and one-tenth copper, represent a cube of four and a half mètres, equal to about fourteen feet nine inches, as shown in our small engraving. In pure gold the dimension would be slightly less. If of silver bullion the side of the cube would measure thirteen and a half mètres, or forty-four feet three inches, and in bronze thirty-eight mètres seventy centimètres; or a trifle less than a hundred and twenty-seven feet. If the twenty-franc pieces needed to form the five milliards were placed side by side on the ground, they would cover a space of more than twenty-seven acres; and if placed in a line would reach for three thousand two hundred and sixty-two miles, right across the Atlantic.

As before observed, a large proportion of the fifth milliard is already deposited in the French Treasury. Since the burning of the Ministry of Finance by the Communists, this department has been transferred to the Louvre, and is now installed in that portion of the building formerly occupied by the Gendarmerie of the Guard. The chief pay-office, which occupies the centre of the gallery, communicates with the vaults by a circular iron staircase. Access is cut off at night by a large iron trap, which is slid over the mouth of the staircase by an ingenious mechanism shown in our engraving.

The vaults form the most interesting part of the building. In them the weighing, sorting, and packing of money is being constantly carried on. A complicated system of iron doors and gratings protects all this portion of the department, and especially the strong-rooms. The cash balance of the Treasury is enclosed every evening in the "strong-box," which is in reality an iron room twenty-six feet in length, seven feet six inches in depth, and seven feet in height, standing in the strong-room proper, and divided into compartments for notes, gold, silver, and bronze. It is lit from the outside by six gas brackets, the light of which has to pass through thick glass bull's-eyes, which are furnished on the inside with iron lock-fast shutters. In the centre compartments, which, as shown in our engraving, are furnished with a protecting trellis-work, are deposited the bank notes, those of a thousand francs done up in bundles representing a million, those of five hundred francs in packets containing half-a-million, and so on, down to those of five francs, which are sorted into five thousand francs' worth. In the other compartments, as in those of the rest of the strong-room itself, are stowed the bags of gold, silver, and bronze, the foreign money transmitted by the local authorities, and due to the sojourn of the German armies in France, and the boxes and barrels of bars and ingots awaiting examination and verification before being deposited in the Bank of France.

It is estimated that by the month of May the vaults of the Treasury will contain eight hundred millions towards the fifth milliard. So that even should the arrangements sought to be made through the Rothschilds fall through, there is but little doubt of the liberation of the territory by this payment being accomplished during the year.

THE LANDING OF THE ELEPHANT.

Our engraving represents the landing of the enormous elephant "Pepita" at New York by means of the steam-derrick. "Pepita" is the survivor of a pair of elephants, male and female, brought from India by some officers of the Russian Army, and afterward presented by the Emperor of Russia to Herr Kreutzberg, of Hamburg, the menagerie owner. The beasts were exhibited with the rest of the collection in the principal continental cities, but about a year ago the male, who had been christened "Kaiser Wilhelm," became unmanageable, and had to be destroyed. "Pepita" was then sold for exportation to America, a hundred and eighty pounds sterling being paid for her passage in the ship *Deutschland*. She is the largest elephant ever seen in America, her height being close on ten feet, whilst her bulk is so enormous that she could only be landed by means of the great steam-derrick, as seen in the engraving. Doubtless the ever-enterprising Barnum will secure her for his next museum, when it rises Phoenix-like from the ashes of its predecessor.

THE LATE EMPEROR NAPOLEON.

The interest which continues to be felt by the public in all that relates to the late Emperor induces us to present to our readers the two carefully-executed engravings, representing the Lying in State at Camden House, and the Funeral Service at St. Mary's Chapel, Chislehurst. A full description of these events having been published in our preceding impressions, any detailed description is unnecessary here.

In order that every possible respect should be paid to the family of Napoleon III., the Registrar-General deputed Dr. Farr to go to Chislehurst and record the death of the late Emperor.

The following item could only originate in San Francisco:—"Another California widow is to claim the sympathy of Pacific jurymen on account of five grains of strychnine found in her dead husband's stomach."

A TURKEY-SHOOTING MATCH.

The readers of Fenimore Cooper's novels cannot fail to remember the chapter in "The Pioneers" in which a turkey-shooting match, like that depicted in our engraving, is described in the writer's most graphic style. This sport, if sport it can be styled, is still indulged in in the Northern States of the American Union and in the Dominion of Canada, the Christmas season being that selected by the emulators of Leatherstocking for the display of their skill. It may be taken as the American equivalent to our pigeon-shooting, the deadly rifle replacing the double-barrel in vogue at Hurlingham.

The practice at many places is to create a general fund for the purpose of purchasing birds, to be disposed of at so much per shot; while at others some farmer provides the feathered victims, and sets them up a fixed mark for competitive rifles on the same principle. The range varies from 200 to 450 yards, and the former has evidently been adopted by the sportsmen in our engraving, one of whom, with destructive eye and electric finger, draws the fatal bead upon the unconscious target.

The most fortunate competitor at these gatherings is invariably expected to register his success at some neighbouring tavern, where it generally becomes obvious during the course of the evening that his birds might have been purchased at a poulterer's at something less than half what they cost him. But then, on the other hand, there is his triumph as "a crack shot," and the fame which attaches to such an envious distinction among his companions.

Whether this practice of turkey-shooting is not somewhat unsportsmanlike and cruel we shall not attempt to argue, seeing the high importance to which pigeon-shooting has attained in this country, and the prevalence of *battues*. Besides, it is too soon after Christmas to hope that sympathy can be entertained by the general public for any domestic fowl whatever.

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OBITUARY.

M. Villaret de Joyeuse, son of the celebrated admiral of that name who commanded the French fleet when the *Vengeur* was sunk, has died at Versailles.

Mr. Urban Moore, son of the rector of Boughton Malherbe, near Maidstone, has been killed by the falling of a large ash tree which he had mined with gunpowder.

The Dowager Empress Amelie of Brazil, widow of Pedro I., died on Sunday at Lisbon after a long illness. The late Empress is described as having been very charitable, and her death is much regretted.

Commander Tucker, who some short time since was tried by court-marshal at Trincomalee, and dismissed from the command of H.M.S. *Columbine*, was lately drowned on his passage home from India.

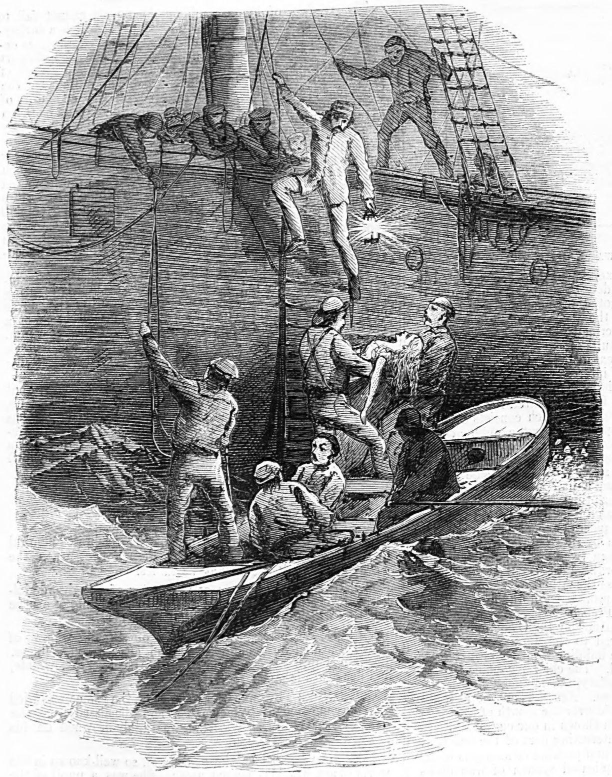
Miss Susan Durant, the sculptress, so well-known in the world of art, has just passed away. She was a pupil of the Baron de Triquetri, and constantly commissioned to execute works in her own peculiar line by her Majesty and other members of the Royal Family. Miss Susan Durant was widely known both in London society and also at Paris, where her death has recently occurred, before attaining middle life.

We regret to announce that Professor Adam Sedgwick, the Woodwardian Professor of Geology in the University of Cambridge, died at his rooms in Trinity College on Monday morning. The venerable gentleman, whose duties have lately been performed by deputy, was in his 88th year. He was the Senior Professor in the University, having been elected to the Chair of Geology in 1818, and until about a year ago actively discharged the duties of the Professorship.

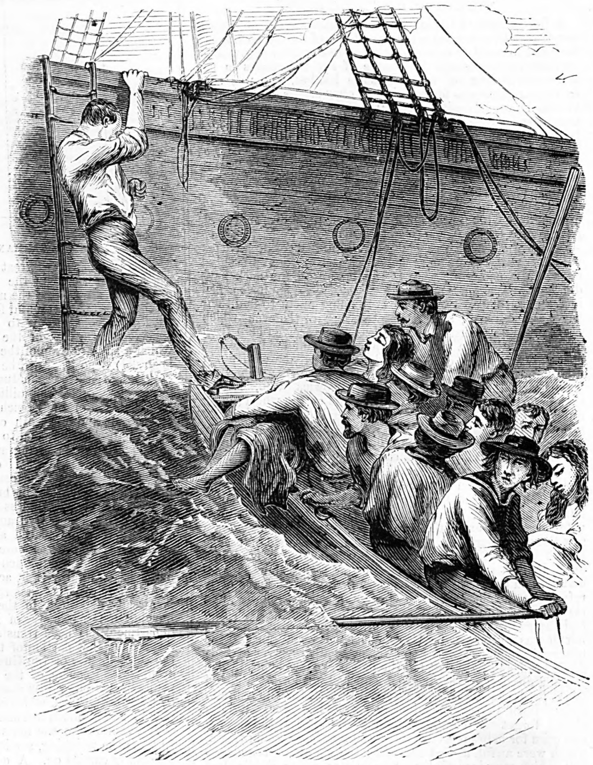
Mr. Lewis, of Ely-place, the well known solicitor, died suddenly on the Wednesday of last week. Mr. Lewis founded the firm which bore his name fifty years ago, and was actively engaged in his professional duties up to the hour of his lamented death. At the inquest on Saturday Mr. Maurice Davis, surgeon, said the deceased had been some time suffering from acute rheumatism, and had also a weak heart. The immediate cause of death was syncope, or fainting of the heart. The jury returned a verdict in accordance with the medical evidence.

There seems to be no good reason why the late Mr. Horace Greeley should not continue to conduct the *New York Tribune*. A "spirit message" from that gentleman, delivered through the mediumship of Mrs. J. H. Conant, is published by the *Banner of Light*, and shows that Mr. Greeley has lost none of that facility of expression which distinguished him when in the flesh, for the message is, if we may be permitted to say so, almost tediously long, and not very intelligible. Mr. Greeley begins by saying, "It isn't done; it's just begun," alluding, no doubt, to his life, and not to the "spirit message." The medium here by way of civility remarks, "I am happy to have you reach us so soon after your departure;" Mr. Greeley replies, "I am happy to come so soon; I've never departed." "Have you not?" inquires the medium. "Oh, no," replies Greeley, "only from the body that I had used too roughly. I am here to-day to thank my friends for their kind efforts in my behalf in many directions. I am here also to say to those who have faith in these things—and some of my friends have, and if they please can make powerful use of what I am about to give—that I desire that my last will, made when I was not strictly sane, should be rendered null and void, and that a former one, made in '71, should be the will—my last will made as a sane man, in which justice, I think, expresses itself." Mr. Greeley then goes on to make some caustic remarks respecting "some of his spiritually inclined friends," who appear to be making themselves disagreeable to him by the narrow-mindedness in his present state. He apologizes for mentioning them in terms of disapproval, but he adds, "I am used to speaking the truth, *post-mortem* or otherwise." He then winds up with the expression of a hope that the fire of Boston may prove to be a great blessing—a hope which is probably shared by the insurance officers, but as yet has hardly been realized.

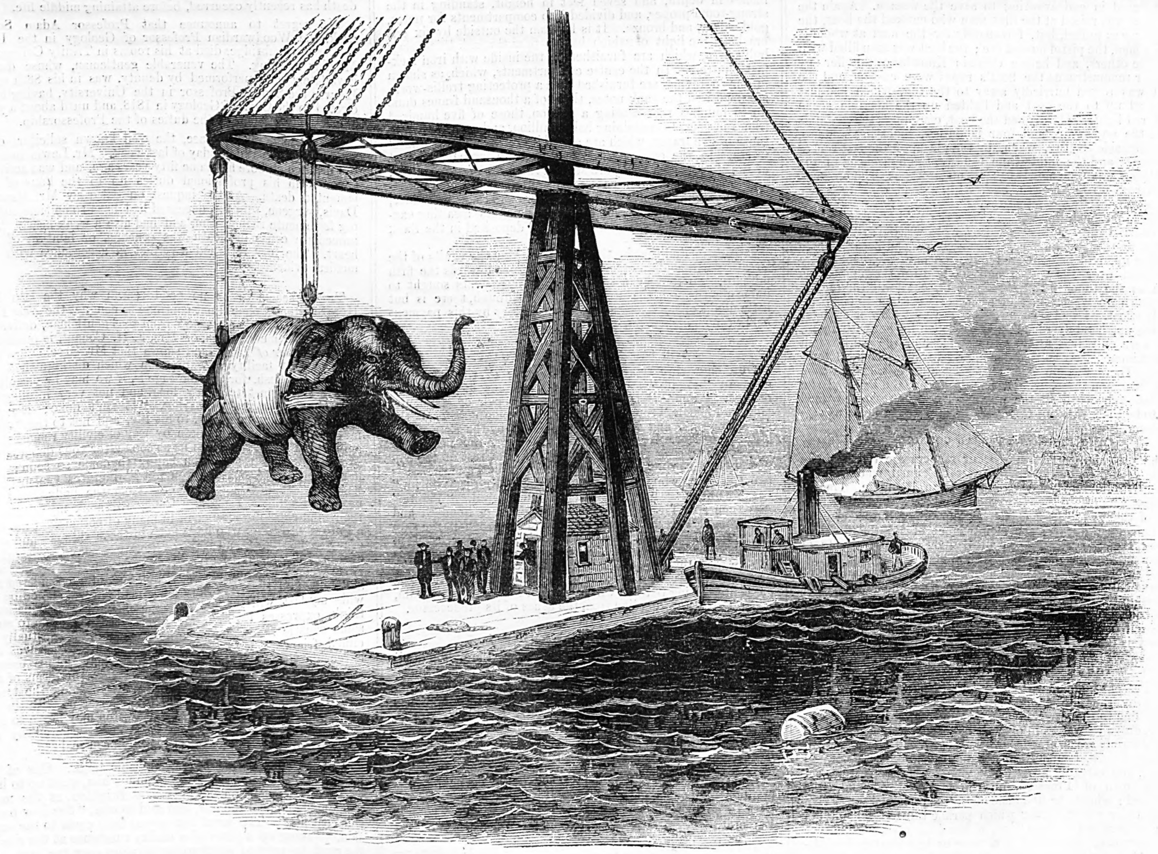
A story is being told of a fashionable tailor. One of his aristocratic customers, thinking to annoy him, went up to him as he was walking on the Parade, at Brighton, at the most fashionable hour of the day, and said to him, "See how badly this coat fits." The great Sartor was fully equal to the occasion. Taking up a piece of a chalky substance at the side of the road, he marked sundry hieroglyphics over the back, and then, turning him adrift, said, "There, my lord, you go and show yourself to my people, and they will soon put you right."



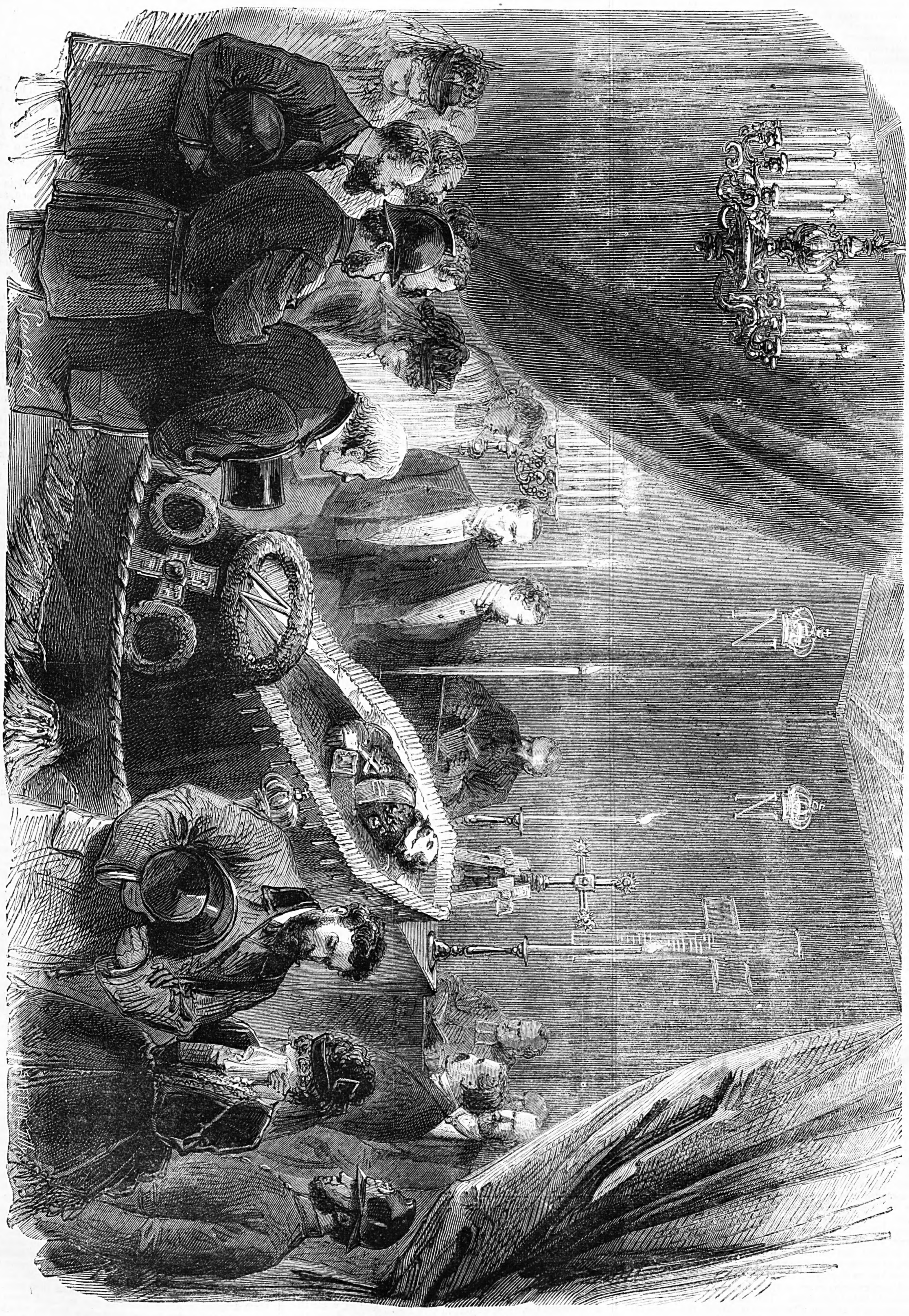
THE "NORTHFLEET'S" FIRST BOAT REACHING THE "CITY OF LONDON."



THE LAST BOAT LEAVING THE SINKING "NORTHFLEET."



A NOVEL METHOD OF LANDING AN ELEPHANT.



THE LYING IN STATE OF THE LATE EMPEROR NAPOLEON III.

THE SAD STORY OF THE "NORTHFLEET."

On Wednesday night, the 22nd of January, shortly after 11 o'clock, an appalling catastrophe occurred in the Channel, a few miles from Dover. The *Northfleet*, an emigrant ship, was run down while at anchor by a foreign steamer, and more than 300 lives were lost.

The *Northfleet* was a fine old ship of 940 tons, built some twenty years ago, at a cost of £25,000, by Pitcher, at the Kentish river-side village from which she took her name. She was originally built for Mr. Dent's China trade, afterwards became the property of Duncan Dunbar, and at his death was sold to John Patton, jun., and Co., of Liverpool and London, of whom she was lately chartered by the firm of Edwin Clark, Punchard, and Co., of Victoria-street, S.W., contractors for the Tasmanian Main Line Railway, to convey 350 railway labourers, with a certain number of women and children under twelve years of age, to Hobart Town. The *Northfleet* left the East India Docks on Friday, the 17th inst., with her full complement of passengers, the officers and crew adding about forty souls, and completing a living freight of about 400 persons. There were not more than 450 tons of cargo on board, and these were chiefly iron rails and railway material, all of which was stowed in the lower hold, the entire range of the ship between decks having been fitted up for passengers. Almost at the moment of the ship leaving the docks her commander during the last five years, Captain Oates, was stopped by a Treasury warrant of subpœna to attend the forthcoming Tichborne trial, it being understood that he was the last man who saw Sir Roger Tichborne when the latter left Rio. The vessel was quite ready to sail when the Treasury warrant was served, and Messrs. Patton having perfect confidence in Captain Oates's chief officer, Mr. Knowles, gave the command of the ship to him, and allowed him to take on board with him the lady to whom he had been married about a month ago, and who is among the few saved.

After leaving Gravesend the *Northfleet* encountered the full force of last week's stormy weather, and Captain Knowles felt it prudent to anchor under the North Foreland, where she remained until Tuesday. The passengers meanwhile, though the ship was to some degree sheltered, suffered great inconvenience from the continuous bad weather. Captain Knowles, in a letter addressed to the owners on Monday, stated that the surgeon's hands were very full in attending upon the female passengers. On Tuesday, the weather having slightly moderated, the *Northfleet* weighed anchor and sailed down Channel, and was reported as having passed Deal "all well." On Wednesday she came to an anchorage at sunset off Dungeness, about two miles from shore, in what is stated to have been about eleven fathoms water, between No. 1 and No. 2 Batteries, and almost opposite the Coastguard station. About 10 o'clock p.m. the ship was taut and comfortable for the night. Almost all the passengers had turned in, and none but the usual officers and men of the watch were on deck. Just as the bells were striking the half hour after ten the watch observed a large steamer outward bound in dangerous proximity, coming down directly towards them. She appeared to be going at full speed, and the frantic shouts of the watch, who called upon her to alter her course, roused Captain Knowles, who was on the after deck a moment before the steamer came broadside to the *Northfleet*, striking her almost amidships, making a clean breach in her timbers beneath the water-line, and actually crushing the massive timbers traversing the main deck. The shock is described by the survivors to have been like the concussion of a very powerful cannon, and one of the strangest features of the catastrophe is that immediately after the collision the steamer cleared the ship, and before more than very few of the terrified passengers below could reach the deck she was altogether out of sight.

Most of the passengers were awakened by the shock, and a fearful panic ensued. Capt. Knowles was on deck immediately and acted with a calmness, promptitude, and decision that will cover his memory with honour. Notwithstanding the cries of alarm that were raised on board the emigrant ship, the steamer passed on her way without offering the slightest assistance. Capt. Knowles immediately ordered rockets to be sent up, and other signals of distress to be made, and in the meantime directed the boats to be launched, giving imperative orders that the safety of the women and children should be first secured. There was a disposition to set these orders at defiance, and on some of the crew crowding to the davits with a view of effecting their own safety he drew a revolver, and declared he would shoot the first man who attempted to save himself before the women were cared for. Most of the crew seemed to understand that the captain was not to be trifled with, but one man refused to obey the order, and the captain discharged the revolver. The bullet entered the man's leg just above the knee. Meantime the pumps were set to work, but with little or no effect, the water pouring in through the openings occasioned by the collision. The survivors describe the scene as heartrending. Many of the passengers were in their night-dresses, others had upon them only such scanty clothing as they could secure on quitting their berths. Children were screaming for their parents, and parents searching in vain for their children; while husbands and wives were hopelessly separated. The horror was increased by the darkness of night. The captain's wife was placed with other women in the long-boat, under the charge of the boatswain, but the tackle being too suddenly set adrift, the boat was stove in.

By this time the *City of London* steam-tug had reached the spot, having perceived the signals of distress, and succeeded in rescuing nearly the whole of the occupants of the boat as well as several others of the passengers and crew, the number saved by the tug being 34. She remained cruising about the spot, picking up such of the passengers as could get clear of the wreck, and in the hope of rendering assistance to those who had floated on fragments of the ship after she had settled down. The Kingsdown lugger, *Mary*, also rendered good service. She was likewise attracted by the signals of distress, and succeeded in picking up 30 passengers. The London pilot cutter No. 3, and the *Princess*, stationed at Dover, also got to the spot, and succeeded in rescuing 21, ten of them from the rigging. The total number thus rescued was 85. The pilot in charge was named George Brack; he was below at the time of the collision, and gained the deck simultaneously with the captain, of whose conduct he speaks in the highest terms. He describes him as displaying the utmost coolness and presence of mind, and evincing every anxiety for the succour of those least able to help themselves. The ship went down in about three-quarters of an hour after she was struck, the captain remaining at his post till she sank. One of the survivors states that he was standing close to him when she went down; the former managed to lay hold of some floating substance, and was borne to the surface. The captain, however, was not seen again. The pilot and ten others had taken to the mizentopmast, from which they were finally rescued.

The *Northfleet* is sunk on a sandy bottom, and being laden with railway iron it is thought she will soon settle down, and day by day make a deeper bed for herself, from which no mechanical power will ever be able to raise her. She is standing upright, as if in dock, just opposite No. 2 Battery.

Ten or a dozen persons who had taken passage in the *Northfleet* were saved by mere chance detection. Half-a-dozen intending emigrants—one of the number having a wife and family with him—were sent ashore at Gravesend last week in consequence of the crowded state of the vessel. They complained of being left behind to the local magistrates.

The following narrative is from one of the survivors:—

Being one of the emigrants on board the *Northfleet*, along with some 200 single men, we left the port of London on the 13th—that is last Monday week—and expected to run out of the Channel in a few days. On Sunday night the weather got so rough that we were obliged to anchor in the Downs until Tuesday morning. Then we started off; but on Wednesday, about mid-day, we hadn't got a bit further, and anchored off Dungeness. We had been amusing ourselves after tea with songs, some of them telling tales, and perhaps half-a-dozen of us men had been on deck, for the weather was getting a bit calmer. Most of the emigrants had gone to bed, and were dropping off to sleep; but I and another three fellows were playing cards—"beating your neighbour out of doors"—at the second table from the midship hatchway. The doctor had been round, and told us we had better get in bed, as he could not allow no playing at that time. Some of them were talking, laughing, and making fun together, when suddenly I heard a voice on the deck crying out, "Ship ahoy!"

I was listening what it meant, when I heard a gurgling noise like of the water, and immediately afterwards a tremendous crash. I did not stop for nothing, but rushed upstairs at once. One of my mates I was playing with, he got up and dropped his cards on the table, and, turning as pale as a sheet, he ran to his bunk for fright, and was going to hide himself. The other two ran after me up to the deck. Some of those who were asleep rushed out without their clothes, which they had stowed away under their pillow, and did not care to put on. One of my mates was thrown out of his bunk by the crash, for the other ship stove into our'n just under where he lay, and the wood was tearing and crushing tremendously. When we got on to the deck it was all dark, and yet not so dark neither but what we could see about us. There was only one light at the masthead, the two others, the red and the green, being away under the bow. Just as we got up there was another crash, and we heard the mate, who was a north countryman, holloaing to somebody, though we could not at the moment see either him or them. As we came running towards him we saw a big vessel right against us with her bow—that near that I could have jumped on to her, with a lot of men running about on her, jabbering in a tongue as I could not understand, nor the mate neither. Then the mate turns to me and says, "I can't understand what they say. You run down below and tell that French fellow to come up, perhaps he can talk to them," for we had a French fellow among us. As I was turning round to go down, I see the foreigner bearing round with her stern to ours, and a lot of her crew running to the bow with a piece of tarpaulin, which they threw over the figurehead, to hide her name. With that she backed water and got clear of us. The mate was shouting to them all the time, and when he sees this he cries out, "O, my God! stop and save us, for we have over 400 emigrants on board;" but it was not a bit of use, sir, for she backed water, and shot ahead across our bow, and was away with her black smoke driving in our faces before we could say many words to each other, while they on board her cried out something foreign, which of course we could not make nothing of.

There was not many on deck at that moment, not above a dozen of us chaps I should say, and we could not see no sailors, nor captain, nor anything. I ran to the hatchway of the married people, and I put my head down and I holloaed down, "Come up all of you, she's a sinking." And then the doctor, who was standing nigh me, he says to me, "Go down below and lie quiet, and don't make a row—there's nothing the matter;" but I did not believe him, and I holloas out again, "Come on lads, she is sinking," for I had made some very good friends down there. Then as I was running forard again, I saw the boatswain and a lot of sailors running aft, and he cries out, "All hands at the pump!" But I first had a look over the side of the ship, and there I saw as plain as possible a tremendous hole stove in her side, and you could hear the water rushing in like a river. While I was doing this the captain and all the crew had come on deck, and we set to work at the pump with a hearty goodwill, for we thought that we could save her even then. They tied ropes to the hands of the pump, which was a double-acting one, and we all set-to together till the water ran off me, but it was no good, sir; we did not get out much, and the ship lay perfectly still, and we could almost feel her sinking like. At the same time the captain had got his rockets out, and was firing them from the quarter-deck, all blue lights, about 20 of them I should say, and when he had done that he ordered them to fire the gun, which was abaft. They loaded the gun, but it would not go off, and so they carried it up to the quarter-deck and tried it again, but it would not go off any more than the first time. All this time those that were below were coming up slowly and one by one, looking round cautiously as they stepped on deck, with a wild-like expression in their faces, as if they could not believe it, and did not exactly know what was going on. There was a lot of women that rushed up first, and were beginning to scream and cry, and the captain told them to go down again, and be quiet, and wait till they were called, for that they could do no good; and so all of them excepting two went down again, and their husbands mostly with them, for they were that scared, and appeared they had rather not see it, I think. There was one fellow that stumbled against the bulwarks from the steps, and fell on his knees, and began vomiting in a dreadful way, and he never paid no attention to what was going on. I saw all this as I was pulling at the pump, for I don't know how it was, but I seemed to have a dozen ears and eyes as I was working among my mates, most of them with nothing on them but a bare shirt, and they were as warm as I was. But presently the mate, who was superintending of us, he says we had better stop, for that it was no good any longer, which I had been thinking a long time ago, as we heard the water coming in very fast. And so, while the deck was getting fuller, I managed to scramble down the hatchway, and grope my way to my bunk. When I came to the foot of the ladder I stepped in water to over my ankles, and the cold sent a chill through me, for I knew then that we had not many minutes to live. I don't know how it was, but I got to the place where I had been laying, but I was not long about it. When I got there I saw Jem Thomson lying in his bunk with his clothes over him, and I pulled them off his body and shook him, and cried out to him that he had better come on deck, for that the water was rising on the main deck; but he looked at me in a stupid sort of way, and groaned, and shook his head. "God help me!" says he, "I may as well be drowned here, George. Oh! God have mercy on me!" I tried for a moment to pull him out, and drag him along with me; but he was like a log, sir, and wouldn't help no more than a baby. They were groaning and crying all around me. Some of them were getting their boxes out, and some were putting their clothes on, and when I told them it was no use stopping down below they asked me what was the matter, and was it really so bad as some of us had told them. Well, sir, I could not stop any longer, so I ran up the foremost hatchway, past the bell which I had clean forgotten, and as I come along I see the mate and the storekeeper, and two or three of the sailors pulling away at the ropes of the foremost lifeboat on starboard.

The mate cries out to me to give him a hand in lowering the boat for the captain's wife and the women, and I took hold of one of the ropes, but they were somewhat confused, or the pulleys would not work, leastways we could not get the boat down anyhow. As I looked round I saw the crowd on the deck getting thicker and thicker, and I recognized the captain's wife coming along wrapped up in a rug, and looking as pale, poor lady! and as sad as if she were going to die that moment. There was that much confusion on board, that I really did not know what was going to be done. By this time about a dozen women had got on to the deck, and they were sobbing and crying among the men, and would not go down. I cast my eye along the other side of the ship, and I see a knot of men round a boat, which they were lowering. There were six boats altogether. I don't know that they were all lifeboats, but they were all pretty big, and might have held a good number of us, but somehow there did not seem to be any attempt at getting them down, and so I thought I might as well have a chance of saving my life when no one else was doing anything for us. I could hear the captain's voice now and then above the praying and crying, but I don't know as anyone was paying any attention to him. While they were still lugging away at the starboard boat I left it and went over to the other side, and there I found them doing it quicker

There were two chaps who had got hold of the tackle of the port lifeboat, and were lowering it pretty quick, for we were getting near the water at every moment. When the boat had been lowered down, there was two or three immediately slid along the ropes, and got into the boat that was just being lifted up and down by the waves; and as we were all making a rush for it, the captain comes up and cries with a loud voice, "Hold hard, men,—don't go down;" but we did not stop for him. We were determined to get off anyhow, and so he points a pistol at us, and says, "I'll shoot the first man that goes down." But that did not stop us, for one of us cried out, "Shoot us, would you! We may as well be shot by you as be drowned with you;" and so we tumbled and scrambled over all the same. The captain called out again to stop us, and fired his pistol at me; but the cap missed fire, and in my trying to save myself from him, I stumbled and fell. They did not stop for that all the same, and so the captain cried out again that he would blow their brains out if they did not obey, and fired again. This time he nearly hit one who was half-way over, the bulwark; but the bullet went over his head and never touched him. Then suddenly there was a cry from below, "Cast her off—she's full," and we were pressing on to get into her. There were some in front of us who were just going to jump, and who pressed backwards, for one of the men in the boat had unfastened the hook, and the stern of the boat was thrown loose, and hung down in the water, with the waves washing over it, while the bow was being held up by the ropes. I just managed to get to the side and look over, and I could see that the little boat was as full as she could be, with some thirty men in her, who were all tumbling over each other, and fighting for seats, and shouting, while those at the bow were trying to unhook her. At this moment, when I thought she would be turned up, the mate and the storekeeper came running from starboard, and pushed us away and looked over the side. When they saw the boat full they holloaed out to them to come back, but there was a hoarse kind of laugh went up from those in the boat, and they swore at the mate, and told him he might come and get them. The mate got hold of the rope and gave a pull at it, and he says to the boatswain, "Let us drown the cowards;" but they were too quick for them below, for some of them had got their knives out, and were cutting away at the ropes. They were clear in a few moments, and shoved off.

Somehow I had lost all my strength, leastways so it seemed to me; and the time between when I came up and then was like years of life to me. I thought I had got ever so many years older, and I felt perfectly unable to do anything but sit down on a coil of rope and think. I have always been a good swimmer, and in a quiet sort of way I hoped that at the last moment I might be able to swim to somewhere and get saved, but it did not seem to matter much to me. I saw all that was going on around me, but I never stretched out an arm to help, for to tell you the truth there was not much being done. They had lowered the other boat, and had put the captain's wife into it. The rest were sailors and the mate and some of the passengers, but she was full in a moment, and shoved off. The captain stood on deck very quietly, looking at her as she went, and waving his hand to his wife; but even now nothing was being done in the matter of the other boats. The deck was full of emigrants, and they were all going mad, or becoming quiet and stupid like myself. One of them set himself next to me, and said never a word, but had his pipe in his mouth unlit, and was pulling at it and spitting as if he was smoking, which he wasn't. At last he says to me, "George," he says, "it's all up with us, I'm afeared. I was going out to make a bit of money for my little bairn, as is at school now; but I hope God will take care of her, for I shall never see her again." And with that he laid himself out flat, and pulled his cap over his eyes, and never spoke to me again. It wasn't many minutes afterwards that we felt a sort of shock, and as I looked to the bow I saw that it was come to the water's edge, and I could see the waves coming up to the bulwark and dashing their spray over. Presently the water came running along the deck, and there was a general shriek among the people, and the women began to wail more than ever. All of them dropped on their knees in the wet, and began praying for mercy and trying to say the Lord's Prayer, which I don't think many of them remembered much, and I felt myself getting sleepy. The water began playing around my boots, and I pulled my knees up to my chin, so as to keep them dry;

for I thought, if I wait till it comes with a rush, it will be all up in a moment. Already a number had taken to the rigging, and were climbing up the ladders, but I felt so weary and sick that I did not try to follow them. It was getting very dark around me, and I believe I was going off to sleep, when I felt the water stealing gently on to my legs and rousing me. Then I knew that there would be no rush, and I jumped up. I waded a few steps, and ran up against half-a-dozen, who were stumbling about like myself, crying and weeping like children, or silent, and scarcely able to grope about. Near the women's hatchway I came upon a lot of females clustered together, and holding tight to each other without moving a limb. They were standing in the water, and their clothes were drenched with the spray that dashed over the bulwark, but they were unable to do anything but weep and wring their hands. I did not stop to speak to them, and I don't know as anybody else did, for I was looking towards the boats, thinking that perhaps I might get hold of one of them yet. They were all turned upside down, and knocking about. Two of them were half floating in the sea, and tearing away at their ropes, and some of the men were trying to turn another up and get into it.

While I was running towards that boat, and holding on by the bulwark, I felt a shaking of the deck, and a fearful shout from for'ard. At the same moment the deck seemed to be lifted from under my feet; there was a crash, and another; the masts seemed to be giving way, the bulwark reeled, and everybody clung to everybody else, and begged and prayed to be saved, and one woman came up to me, and gave me her baby, and says, "For the love of God, save this innocent thing;" but I could not do anything, for I knew that the last had come. And so it had, for in a moment the water seemed to rise to my lips, and rushed into my ears and eyes, and it pressed upon me from all sides, and knocked me against the side, and I was under—I could feel that. So I gave a lift and struck out, my boots going away of themselves, and my jacket getting as heavy as a ton of bricks. But I was up again and afloat, so I swam for the bulwark, when I was knocked over again and sucked under. I don't know how I managed to get off clear. I have some recollection of being laid hold of several times, and kicking and tearing myself away. I think I remember other figures coming to me and trying to lay hold of my shoulders; but I felt I had got some life in me yet—just enough for myself and no more, and I struggled hard, sir, for that little bit. I thought of nothing but keeping afloat until I was clear and away from the wreck, for she was sucking under me and drawing me down. At last I got clear, and out of reach of those that were trying to swim, or drifting about on bits of wood, and the boats and lifebuoys, and such like. How I kept afloat, and was picked up, I don't remember; but I must have been a good long time in the water, for I do remember being carried into a cabin and vomiting a lot of salt water. What they did for me and others on board the tug and in Dover you will perhaps get from some of the rest that were saved, for I feel myself getting tired of talking and I have not been able to eat a good meal yet. I never knew what dying was, sir, but I know it now; and when I get time to think over this a bit, I shall be deeply thankful to God for His mercy in pulling me out of a lot that were drowning and sinking around me, with never a hand stretched out to help them.

Her Majesty has lost no time in expressing her heartfelt sympathy with the sufferers by the disaster to the *Northfleet*, both by word and by act. In sending her gracious message to this effect through the President of the Board of Trade, the Queen specially desired to know how Mrs. Knowles, the bride-widow of the captain, bore her sore affliction; and the reply, sent by the owner of the ship, was that the lady was "as well as could be expected, but in great mental distress." Her Majesty has further sent, through Sir Thomas Biddulph, the sum of £200 to the Lord Mayor for the fund now being raised in relief of the survivors, renewing at the same time her expressions of sympathy with the sufferers by this dreadful calamity; and she has desired to be kept informed by the President of the Board of Trade of any facts that may transpire tending to the discovery of the missing steamer. A statement has been made by the captain of the steam-tug *Eros*, that has anchored in Leith roads, which tends to confirm the suspicion that the vessel which ran down the *Northfleet* was the *Murillo*. This gentleman says: "We left Falmouth at ten o'clock, and half way between Beachy Head and the Owers light-ship, we passed, on Thursday, at seven o'clock, a two-masted steamer, steering west by south, answering the description of the *Murillo*. She was schooner-rigged, appeared to be half-laden, with her mainmast well aft; she had two funnels, was straight stemmed, painted black, so far as I could see, and appeared to be of 700 tons register." In attestation of the wide-spread sympathy with the distress of the survivors of the disaster, subscriptions continue to be received by the Mansion House Committee, but more aid, it is stated, is still required.

At Dover an inquest has been opened on the body of Mr. Brand, the contractor's engineer, who seems to have floated in the water for many hours, supported by a life-belt, before death overtook him. The inquest was adjourned.

Another old landmark of the City is to be removed. Garraway's Coffee-house, Change-alley, Cornhill, around which many interesting associations cling, is to give place to a new building. The term of the present occupiers comes to an end in March; and the freeholders of the house give notice that they require possession, the object being to build offices on the spot. Garraway's was for a long period one of the noted coffee-houses of the City. Here it was that the first step towards popularizing the use of tea in England was taken by the original proprietor, Thomas Garraway, "tobacconist and coffeeman," about the year 1600. He issued a handbill offering tea at from 16s. to 50s. a pound. Hitherto, he said, it had been sold "for £6, and sometimes for £10 the pound weight; and in respect of its former scarceness and dearness it hath been only used as a regalia in high treatments and entertainments, and presents made thereof to princes and grandees." Not only as a coffee-house, but also as a place for holding public auctions, has Garraway's been long renowned. Formerly there used to be great sales of wine, timber, &c., there by "inch of candle"—that is, each auction had to be concluded before the inch of candle allotted to it had burnt out. Arrangements, however, have been made to carry on the business at the London Tavern. Garraway's rostrum and hammer will, therefore, not travel far, but "inch-of-candle" sales will be known no longer—always supposing that we can keep clear of gas stokers' strikes, and that the companies do not supply us with much worse gas than at present.

It is reported that Professor Agassiz having stated that Niagara would run dry in about nineteen centuries, the hackmen at the Falls immediately raised their fares.

THE FUNERAL OF LORD LYTTON.

On Saturday afternoon Lord Lytton was buried in Westminster Abbey, the grave being dug in St. Edmund's Chapel, a small enclosure on the west side of the south transept, a few yards beyond Poets' Corner. Though room for such a guest might, perhaps, have been found in the Corner itself, so that we should have been able to read on stones near together the names of "Macaulay," "Dickens," "Lytton," it was deemed advisable to make a new precedent in order to lessen the pressure upon one particular spot.

Saturday morning brought us the first real fog we have had this winter; the outlines of the buildings of Westminster vanished a few feet from the ground, and the strokes of the great clock sounded down through the mist as from another world. The high arcades of the Abbey were dim with vapour, the gas had to be lit in the choir, and in the south transept lamps were set upon Plantagenet tombs, and candles in tin sconces fixed against the walls. The pavement was laid with a broad strip of black cloth, beginning at the west cloister door and continuing along the nave, choir, and south transept. The floor and raised tombs of St. Edmund's Chapel were altogether carpeted with black, the open grave being also lined with black cloth. It was dug seven feet deep, and though a few bones were turned out with the soil no real interment was disturbed. The author of the *Last of the Barons* takes his rest with a noble and gallant company in this little chapel. Kings who bore the sceptre, knights who wore the sword, and he who wielded the pen so well lie near together, and we think of them as separated, not by centuries of time, but by a few feet of earth, and as waiting in silent companionship for "that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries and make our appearance together."

Long before half-past 12, the time fixed for the funeral, the choir began to fill with mourners and friends, and others attending the funeral as a mark of respect. There were men of letters and politicians, and not a few ladies, and many friends and tenants seemed to have come from the neighbourhood of Knebworth. Gradually the seats were occupied till there was not one left, while the spaces beyond the barriers were crowded by the public. A gathering of surpliced clergy and choristers at the cloister door was visible in the dim distance through grated gates, and presently these formed into a procession; the organ began to play Croft's setting of "I am the Resurrection and the Life," the congregation in the choir stood up, while the chanting choristers and clergy, followed by the coffin and the lengthening line of mourners, slowly moved up the nave, before a line of people, along the broad path of black cloth. Knebworth labourers carried the coffin and set it down on high rests placed before the altar rails. It was covered with a pall of black velvet edged with white, and upon the top was laid a large camelia wreath and the two red velvet cushions bearing the baron's coronet and the star and collar of the Order of St. Michael and St. George. These pieces of colour and jewellery asserted themselves very much in the general blackness, reminding us, however, chiefly that it was neither his peerage nor his knighthood which had brought Lord Lytton to this high burial.

The reader of the next portion of the service was Archdeacon Jennings, and then the choir filed along the south transept and took up their places between the Confessor's shrine and the Plantagenet tombs, on a stage which had been erected. Here they sang as in a sort of gallery, looking down on St. Edmund's Chapel, across the narrow way of the transept. The Knebworth labourers took up the coffin, bearing it along the path of black cloth, and so, leaving Poets' Corner behind them, they turned to the right, entered the door of the chapel, and set down their burden by the black mouth of the grave. The procession was headed by some of the Knebworth tenants; next to these the cushions with the coronet and Order were borne by old servants, and Dean Stanley walked before the coffin. The pall being now taken off, this was seen to be of polished oak, set with a large brass plate, bearing the usual inscription of name and title, birth and death. The organ played slowly while the chief mourners and other principal persons entered the chapel, soon filling its small enclosure. Upon the chief mourner, now Lord Lytton, one could not but look with deep interest, for he has proved himself his father's son more than by that likeness of the face which many must have recognized on Saturday. It is not often that the genius of a great man has much continuance in his posterity; but the individuality of the second Lord Lytton will not be lost in the blaze of fame which belongs to the title that now comes to him.

The impressive voice of the Dean of Westminster did full justice to the passages which in a choral funeral service have still to be read by the grave. Word by word the solemn clauses fell clearly upon the ear, till the organ again pealed forth from the choir, and the sweet voices of the choristers sounded from the singing gallery in the Confessor's Chapel. Standing there, one could well see it all, from the crowd stretching darkly along the transept, and filling the distant spaces towards the choir and nave, to the little chapel with its monuments and statues and brasses of armoured barons great in England in their day; its living crowd, among whom stood men great in England also, if with another sort of greatness belonging to a later time; its wreath-covered coffin on the edge of the black grave into which it will presently be lowered. Near at hand was a king's tomb, the third Edward's, its statue well moulded in metal, and with a face singularly serene and royal. The afternoon had been clearing, and as they sang the plaintive "Thou knowest, Lord," the whiter light of the windows fairly brightened into sunshine on the old walls. A single toll filled the pause while they lowered the coffin with its flowers upon it into the grave, and then the Dean read the exhortation beginning "Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God," and in the words of our Church earth was committed to earth, ashes to ashes, but in sure and certain hope of an everlasting resurrection. The voices of men and boys mingled in Purcell's "I heard a voice from Heaven," the Lord's Prayer sounded distinct from the Dean's lips, and then organ and choir gave Handel's glorious funeral anthem. The Dean pronounced the blessing, and, as the mourners moved away from the grave, the organ began to roll the distant and muffled cadences of the "Dead March in Saul." The mighty, mournful music of that wondrous dirge filled the Abbey, and when it had ended the solemnity was complete, and with due observance the great author had been laid in his honoured grave.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.—A Grateful Father is desirous of sending by mail, free of charge to all who wish it, a copy of the prescription by which his daughter was restored to perfect health from confirmed consumption, after having been given up by her physicians and despaired of by her father, a well-known physician, who has now discontinued practice. Sent to any person free.—Address, O. P. BROWN, Secretary, 2, King-street, Covent-garden, London.—[Advt.]

IN THE ANIMAL WORLD.

A Frenchman, named Odile Martin, has invented an apparatus called an epinette, by which over four hundred chickens can be fed in an hour, and fattened in three weeks for the market. The birds are much prized by connoisseurs, and are known in the markets as *Poulets de Phœnix*.

The two white bears of the Zoological Gardens at Brussels, whose playfulness will be remembered by many an English visitor to the volunteer *fêtes*, have died of inflammation of the intestines, brought on by eating Chinese lanterns, flung into their pits by some mischievous urchins. Bears should refrain from the practice of eating Chinese lanterns.

It does not speak well for the ingenuity and intelligence of the British farmer that, although he is loud in his complaints as to the damage done to his crops by hares and rabbits, he has never devised any method for scaring away these animals from his fields. A plan which has been adopted in America to protect strawberries from the depredations of small birds seem admirably calculated to assist farmers in this country in defending their territory from ground game. This plan consists in the establishment of what is termed a "horticultural cat." It was, according to the American paper *Hearth and Home*, invented by a gardener, who, being anxious to save his strawberries, first tried stuffed cats, but finding they soon lost their efficacy, hit upon the following ingenious device. A wire is stretched across the strawberry bed, and upon the wire slides a ring. A live cat, the wilder the better, is then caught and collared, and a small wire attached by one end to the collar of the cat, and by the other end to the ring running upon the long wire, completes the apparatus. It is found that a cat thus fastened can run "fore and aft" with perfect freedom of movement, and frightens the birds in a manner to which no stuffed cat is equal. A box or barrel at one end of the beat serves as a sentry-box, and enables the animal to repose under shelter, and at the same time to keep a watchful eye on the ground in all weathers.

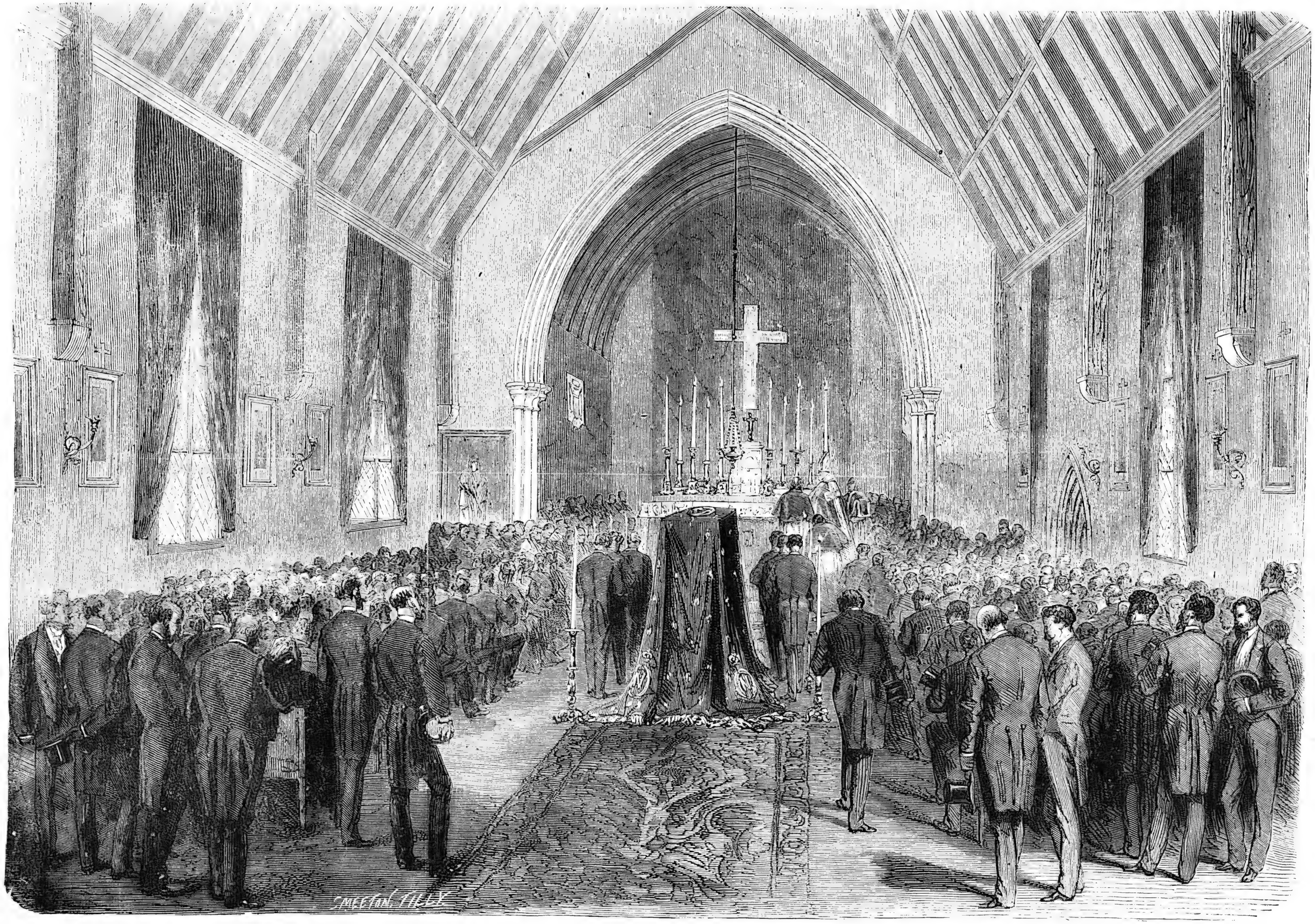
It will be a serious thing if domestic pets take to choosing their own masters in the manner suggested in the following story told in the *Etat*. A certain M. Caperi, an Italian, residing in the Rue du Prè, was often disturbed at night by hearing something tap at the window, so he at last left his window open, in order to pounce more easily upon his untimely visitor. Suddenly a whirring of great wings was heard, and an immense bird with glowing eyes alighted upon his shoulder. M. Caperi rushed from the room, calling for help, being powerless to shake off the intruder, who appeared perfectly satisfied with his agitated and unwilling perch. At length the *concierge* hurried up with the other inmates of the house and explained the occurrence. Some dozen years before, M. Caperi's room had been inhabited by a student of zoology, who kept lizards, serpents, and night-birds as pets, and had one favourite owl which always sat upon his shoulder. This was the present intruder, who, having lost its master—so, at least, the *concierge* conjectured—had now returned to the old haunts in hopes of finding him. M. Caperi has not mustered up courage enough to dismiss the owl, and magnanimously accepts the responsible position of owner and master thrust upon him by this too impulsive and affectionate creature. The precedent will not, we trust, be extensively followed, or no one will be safe; and to be the chosen of a python or the elect of a *plébiscite* of monkeys would try the temper of Mr. F. Buckland himself.

The soundings taken by H.M.S. *Challenger* on her passage from Lisbon to Gibraltar show that a gentle slope extends from the Lisbon shore into deep water in the direction of Madeira. A common fishing trawl was lowered to the bottom, a depth of three-quarters of a mile, and on its being hauled again to the surface not only did it contain in great abundance beautiful specimens of corals and sponges, but several deep-sea fish were found captured. These latter arrived at the surface nearly dead, the expansion of the air in their bodies on being relieved from the pressure of the water at such depths proving sufficient to tear them open and to render them anything but graceful in appearance as they floated on the surface of the water, with enormous protruding eyes and with stomachs inflated. By the experiments already made on board the *Challenger* it is now placed beyond doubt that similar captures can be made from the greatest depths, but the consequences to the fish captured must always prove an insurmountable obstacle to any idea of acclimatization.

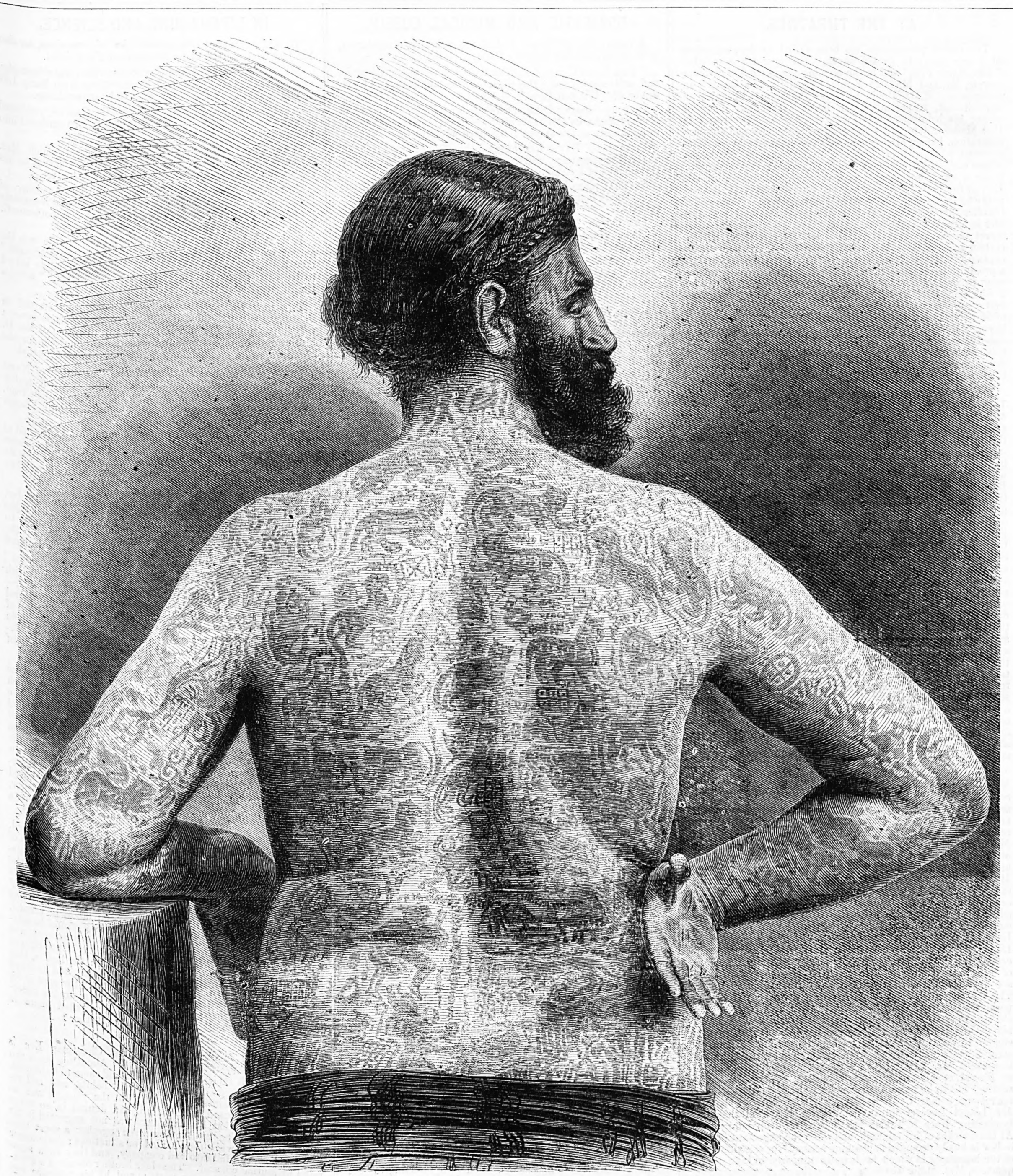
Those who are accustomed to drink the waters of the Thames and imagine that it offers no better liquid to consumers than a muddy mixture which even fishes turn from in disgust do our noble river a great injustice. Occasionally it runs beer. On Tuesday last it presented to the frequenters of its banks casks of bitter ale, playfully tossing them towards its banks for the convenience of the thirsty in reckless profusion. It seems from the account given by the *Surrey Comet*, that on that day a barge started from Mortlake with a valuable freight of 300 hogsheads of ale for shipment abroad. The crew of the vessel consisted of a man and a boy, and nothing could be more prosperous than the voyage until the barge reached Vauxhall-bridge, when the force of the stream sent the barge nearly broadside on to a sharp projecting point of the buttress. The result was calamitous. The unhappy barge immediately began to sink, but before taking this fatal step she discharged her cargo into the river. The man, the boy, and the barrels of beer were mingled together in one mass of hideous confusion. The boy and man were rescued by a boat, but the barrels floated about like a shoal of porpoises, bobbing up and down, and eluding the gallant attempts that were made to capture them. Some of them were at last caught, some were picked up miles down the river, and others were found on the banks in a complete state of exhaustion; for, incredible as it may appear, no sooner did the news spread that beer was running wild in the Thames than hosts of unprincipled persons watched for the barrels on the banks, and, broaching all they could secure, carried off the contents in pails and other convenient vessels. More than half the barrels are, it is stated, still missing; and there is too much reason to fear that hundreds of gudgeons are at the present moment suffering from delirium tremens owing to this lamentable occurrence.

The death of Dr. Lushington was announced in the columns of a local contemporary by the following bewildering telegram:—"Le Docteur Lushington a été condamné à mort d'après une decision de la Cour d'Amirauté."—*Swiss Times*.

The *Gazzetta d'Italia*, the official journal of the kingdom of Italy, gravely announces that the Emperor of the French was attended in his last moments by the English priest "Goddam."



THE FUNERAL OBSEQUIES OF THE LATE EMPEROR NAPOLEON III.—St. Mary's Chapel, Chislehurst.



THE TATTOOED ALBANIAN (From a Photograph).

Some months back a paragraph, originating in a medical organ, went the rounds of all the papers, and afforded a piquant bit of gossip for those readers delighting in anything of a marvellous or startling character. The paragraph in question referred to a strangely tattooed man, recently escaped from captivity in Cochin China, and at that time under the inspection of the principal continental *savans* who were actively engaged in deciphering the cause and meaning of the singular ornamentation with which his body was covered. Time passed on, however, and as this ornate specimen of humanity did not make his appearance in the British metropolis, which has long enjoyed the reputation of being the best hunting-ground for two-headed nightingales and similar abnormal monstrosities, doubts began to be cast upon his existence, and he bid fair to be relegated to the category of the Italian who swallowed the fork and similar myths. These doubts we are, however, able to solve, for we publish an engraving of this illustrious stranger, copied from an actual photograph, which, together with the following particulars, was forwarded to us from a German correspondent.

Some time ago it became known to the German colony at Amoy that a European had arrived from the interior of the country tattooed from head to foot in the most singular manner. Last summer this same man, having been sent to Germany by the consul at Amoy, offered himself first for private, and then for public inspection in that country, gaining money by the latter speculation

The learned professors who examined him came to the conclusion that the words and figures inscribed upon his body are Burmese, and that they have both a literal and symbolical meaning.

The tattooing is in both blue and red, the blue forming common signs and meanings, the red as puzzling as the Egyptian hieroglyphics, but decidedly of Burmese origin. Many of the figures would seem to have a talismanic significance. It is customary for the Burmese to tattoo themselves generally on portions of the body above the waist, but in the subject of our engraving not a single square inch of skin has been left unadorned—ears, fingers, toes, have all been subjected to the operation, and its traces are visible under his hair and beard, proving that these have been shaved off to facilitate the process. The tattooed marks stand out in fine ridges from the surface of the skin, giving it the aspect of being embroidered, whilst the small intervening spaces are of a remarkably dead white, which may be ascribed to a partial poisoning of the cuticle by the drugs used in the process. The man complains that he suffers far more from cold since he was tattooed than before.

As may be seen from our engraving, he is a well-built, powerful fellow of middle height, with a profusion of dark hair falling on either side of his face and a full beard. By birth he is a Greek, and he asserts that the tattooing was inflicted upon him as a punishment, but some suspicion has been thrown on that part of his story, and it is questioned whether he did not submit to it voluntarily in order to have a pretext for exhibiting himself. He is described as being of a sly and reticent disposition.

The number of figures inscribed upon his frame has been made out by the careful and accurate minded professors to be three hundred and eighty-eight. They represent men, women, weapons, bones, household utensils, lions, panthers, rats, gazelles, apes, elephants, birds, snakes, crocodiles, frogs, and snails. On either side of the forehead a tiger is represented in the act of springing. All these figures, between which are innumerable words, signs and symbols roughly marked, unite in forming one general and harmonious pattern.

Prince Nicolas, of Montenegro, is making preparations to visit the approaching Universal Exhibition at Vienna.

AT THE THEATRES.

The Gaiety programme has been varied by the production of a new operetta by Offenbach. The operetta is entitled "The Magic Fife," and in the opening scene we find a young couple, Mr. and Madame Robin, "having a few words" in consequence of Mr. Robin being on the point of keeping an appointment, respecting which he is exceedingly chary of giving his beloved spouse any explanation. The result is that Madame determines to apply to a solicitor and obtain a separation, having already written to an unknown lover. This amorous swain proves, however, to be the legal gentleman whose counsel she is on the point of seeking, and, instead of being a gay young spark, is a very antiquated beau indeed. But, in the hope of recovering her foolish letter, Madame is polite to the lawyer, and invites him to supper. Meanwhile, Caroline, her maid, is visited by her lover Rigobert, a young fifer in a regiment quartered in the town, and through him the secret oozes out that Mr. Robin had been smitten with a certain Isabella, who has another lover in the person of the captain of the troop, and, fearing his sabre, the husband makes a precipitate retreat, coming home to find a great derangement in his household. Rigobert whimsically pretends to be a magician, and, with the aid of his magic flute, summons first a supper, then the lawyer, and eventually the whole band of fifers, vivandières, and drummers; and, the young husband having got safely out of his scrape and the wife out of hers; a speedy reconciliation is effected, and a jubilant chorus ends this merry little operetta, which, though but a trifle from a dramatic point of view, contains music well worthy of Offenbach.

The domestic drama at the Opera Comique gave way on Thursday of last week to a lighter form of entertainment, Mr. Charles Reade's comedy, "The Ladies' Battle," being revived for the purpose of introducing Miss Eleanor Bufton to the patrons of this elegant theatre. The piece is of slender structure, the three acts occupying less than an hour and a half in representation. The scene is laid in France in 1816, when the Royalists are busily engaged in hunting down all Bonapartist adherents. A certain Henri de Flavigneul is traced to the house of the Countess d'Autreval, and the prefect, the Baron de Montrichard, appears with troops, in order to secure his captare. The Countess is in love with Henri, and she secures his escape by inducing another admirer, Gustave de Grignon, to take his place. When Henri, however, learns the truth, he courageously returns; but all danger and difficulty are removed by the simple expedient of a general amnesty. The Countess has, meanwhile, learned that Henri's assumed devotion to her is only the result of gratitude, when she yields him up to the lady he really loves, Leonie de la Villegontier, solacing herself with the faithful admiration of Grignon. All through the piece, which appears like an adaptation, the victory of the lady is too clearly a foregone conclusion for any particular interest to be excited; and the undramatic incident of the amnesty renders the close very tame. The Countess d'Autreval, full of resource and ever ready with some scheme to baffle the pursuers, is represented with some spirit br Miss Bufton. The character gives a large opportunity to an actress, and the more obvious and effective points are pretty adequately rendered in the present instance. Much more, however, might be done. The subtle shades of character and the rapid changes and continuous struggle of opposing feelings are not well expressed.

The new comic drama, called "Old Soldiers," with which Mr. H. J. Byron has refurnished the earlier portion of the Strand programme, affords a good illustration of what may be accomplished by a practised playwright with very slight materials. The "old soldiers," literally and figuratively represented by the title of the drama, are a designing Captain M'Tavish, who has been constrained to sell out of the army on account of certain dishonourable transactions in which he has been implicated, and an intriguing widow, Mrs. Major Moss. The two come to a watering-place in Devonshire with the same object. Each has a daughter, and it seems to have occurred to both the captain and the widow that no more advantageous match could be made than by entangling in the matrimonial noose a young gentleman of property named Lionel Leveret, with whom they have a slight acquaintance. Lionel, who is the son of a brave old colonel long since deceased, has the advantage of being in possession of an estate of three thousand a year. The legacy he has inherited has been accompanied by a bequest even more important to his happiness. This has come to him in the form of a faithful old Irish corporal, who, having trustfully served the father, is charged with the care of the interests of the son, whose easy nature renders him peculiarly liable to be imposed upon. Corporal Cassidy has enough to do to protect the unsuspicious Lionel from constant appeals made by the undeserving; but, when he has to prevent Mr. Leveret being robbed of his heart as well as fleeced of his money, the vigilance of the sagacious sentinel has to be more than doubled. First on the field of operations comes Captain M'Tavish, who contrives to draw Mr. Lionel Leveret into a compromising avowal that the fascinating Kate M'Tavish has made a deep impression. At the moment of his triumph, and when the expectant father-in-law is busily occupied in planning schemes for the alteration of the household in which he is quite prepared to take up his quarters, Mrs. Major Moss enters upon the scene, accompanied by her bewitching daughter Mary. The mining and counter-mining of the two strategists is watched with close interest by the old Irish servitor, and eventually he succeeds in rescuing the garrison by a bold sally, which is only defensible on the ground that when one "old soldier" has recourse to artifice, another "old soldier" is justified in encountering his antagonist with the same weapons. Cassidy, who perceives that Lionel's affections are strongest on the side of Miss Mary Moss, adopts a plan which has often answered before under similar circumstances, and, whispering confidentially to the father of Miss Kate M'Tavish that his master, instead of being wealthy, as supposed, is hopelessly embarrassed, quickly induces the mercenary captain to break off the match, and to insist upon his daughter marrying her first lover, Mr. Gordon Lockhart, who, upon the same authority, is declared to have come into a large income. The old corporal's mode of foiling the scheme of the adventurer is readily forgiven, when explained as leading directly to the happiness of two young couples who would otherwise have been paired off contrary to their inclinations; while the discomfited captain receives some recompense for his disappointment in the promise of an engagement in the West Indies, which, satisfactorily keeipng him at a respectful distance, will enable his adroitness as a sharper to be exercised in a more productive field. When we add that the part of Leveret is played by the author himself with as much go as that of Sir Simon Simple, we have said enough.

DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL GOSSIP.

A daughter of Signor Arditi, the well-known conductor, is about to make her *début* in Paris.

"The Love Chase" is in active rehearsal at the Olympic, and will shortly take the place of the unpleasant French drama of "Without Love."

In consequence of the severe illness of Mr. G. Rignold, Colonel Richards's "Cromwell," which was nightly increasing in popularity at the Queen's, has been withdrawn.

Ferdinand David has resigned the office of first Professor at the Conservatoire, and solo violin at the concerts of the Gewandaus of Leipzig.

Several plans have been proposed for constructing at Rome a new opera house, open-air theatre, and a theatre for Italian comedy.

The Odéon, Paris, has in preparation a piece founded on Madame George Sand's novel of "Mademoiselle de la Quintinie."

The *dilettanti* of Moscow have presented to Madame Nilsson, as a souvenir of her artistic triumphs in that city, a valuable pelisse and a diadem of diamonds.

A scene in "La Poule aux Œufs d'Or," a fairy piece at the Paris Gaîté, is greatly applauded; all the characters engaged are dressed in imitation of musical instruments.

"Man and Wife" is not likely to be produced at the Prince of Wales's for two or three weeks yet, judging from the full houses still attracted by "Money."

It is proposed to erect a monument at Mount Auburn, near Boston, to the memory of John Howard Payne, the dramatist, and author of the song of "Sweet Home."

The chorus singers of the principal Paris theatres, dissatisfied with the slight pay they receive, are about to form themselves into a corporation, and will name a permanent committee to look after their interests.

That peculiar Parisian institution, a summer theatre only open in winter, the "Folies Marigny," situated in the verdant groves of the Champs Elysées, has at last been shut up for good; the manager, M. Garnier, being declared a bankrupt.

A North Country paper electrified its readers, a short time ago, by referring to the "Messiah" as Handel's "immoral" oratorio. It was afterwards explained that this was a typographical error for "immortal."

The morning performances at the Vaudeville will commence on Monday, the 8th February. A new drama, "Madelaine," with a cast including Miss Ada Dyas, Miss Oliver, and Mr. Clayton, will be produced on the 31st inst. at this house.

Gluck's "Armide" has just been brought out at Vienna, with Mdlle. Dustmann in the part of the heroine, and the tenor Adams in that of Renaud. Both artists were well received.

Madame Patti will make her *rentrée* at the Royal Italian Opera the second week in April. Mr. Gye has concluded a new engagement for two years with the popular prima donna, whereby she is to receive £200 per night, with the privilege of choosing her own repertory.

Signor Gardoni has made as great a success with "La Mandolinata" at St. Petersburg as he did with the same song in London. At a recent concert at St. Petersburg he was called upon to repeat it three times, and was then recalled to receive the applause of the audience.

At the Folies Dramatiques, the popular and improper opera bouffé, "Heloise et Abelard," has reached its hundredth night, and the joyous supper fixed to celebrate that event has been put off, as both the principal actors, Milher and Luce, are suffering from dangerous illnesses.

The "Ballo in Maschera" has just been produced at the Apollo Theatre, in Rome, but proved a failure from the inefficiency of the tenor Vanzan, who filled the chief part. He was hissed, and on the night fixed for the second performance, a notice was issued that he was indisposed. The house, in consequence, remained closed.

A California letter relates the following anecdote of an actress whom the newspaper reporter hints is addicted to strong drinks:—"Matilda Heron was recently visited in San Francisco by a reporter. She pointed to a bottle on the mantelpiece, and said it was citrate of magnesia. She desired him to taste it, as she did not wish him to suspect it was whisky. The reporter, being unwilling to do so, she took the bottle, seized him by the neck, and poured the liquid into his mouth. He found it to be as she stated."

The latest American eccentricity has been a real marriage upon the stage. A pantomimist and trapeze performer known as "Young America," was united on the evening of December 31st, 1872, upon the stage of the Opera House, Quincy, Illinois, to Mdlle. Hulda Moritz, one of the *coryphées*. At the end of the transformation scene, and just before the red fire was lighted to illuminate the picture, the parties named were discovered clad in bridal attire. The manager led the expectant bride to the footlights, where they were married by Judge Gilbert in the presence of the audience.

"Figaro" says:—"A funny story comes to me from a theatre which I suppose I must leave nameless. It seems that a couple of naughty old gentlemen, filled with a longing to 'get behind the scenes,' bribed one of the subordinates, the other night, to let them go on the stage, as supers. This was all very fine, but a sharp fight with some imitation monkeys was next on the programme, and the monkeys went at their work with a will. They leaped on the sham supers with a vigour that our unfortunate friends had never bargained for; they beat them, and mauled them, and rolled them on the ground, till the house shrieked with delight, and their entertainers shrieked with pain. Those inquisitive old gentlemen don't think there is so much fun in 'going behind' after all."

Mdlle. Marilla, a female athlete, who has lately been performing at the Holborn Amphitheatre, got into an amusing and uncomfortable scrape in Paris. This lady, on her arrival at the Northern Railway Station some few days since, was arrested, as amongst her voluminous luggage was found a kind of cannon or mitrailleuse. Not being able to speak French she could only burst into tears, while the inspector on service, bursting with the importance of his capture—he thought he had hold of the clue to some Communistic conspiracy—addressed a detailed report to the higher authorities. M. Sari, however, the proprietor of the Folies Bergere, appeared, and explained away the mistake by telling the magistrate that the piece of artillery was to be placed upon the shoulder of this Herculean lady, and fired off during her erformance, and she was immediately discharged.

IN LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

To add one more to the present glut of magazines, another has just been started under the name of *The Sciolist*.

Mr. Murray announces Mrs. Somerville's autobiograghy, under the title of "Personal Recollections from Early Life to Old Age"—a book which is sure to be entertaining.

Mr. Swinburne's poem on Théophile Gautier, published in this month's *Fortnightly Review*, has been translated into French by Victor Hugo.

With Dr. Lushington has died the secret which Mrs. Stowe tried to discover. At least, it is supposed that he has left nothing behind him throwing light on the matter.

The great Portuguese dictionary of the Academy of Sciences, commenced nearly a century since, and frequently resumed and abandoned, has at last reached the end of letter C. The present editor is Senhor Domingos Vieira.

It is said by the *Times* that the late Lord Lytton was the author of "The Coming Race," and of "The Parisians," now appearing in *Blackwood's Magazine*. The latter is said to be very nearly complete, and the new novel, "Kinelm Chillingley," is in the publisher's hands.

The new Conservative daily journal, to be started in February, will be called *The Hour*, which does not seem a very happy name. It will be under the direction of Mr. D. Morier Evans, who formerly wrote the City article for the *Standard*, and Captain Hamber, late editor of that journal.

The annual general meeting of the Institution of Naval Architects comes off during the first week of April, and it it is expected that papers of great importance will be read. Among the subjects suggested is the Construction of Vessels for Coast Defence.

A correspondent of the *New York Tribune* asks the aid of that journal in protecting the public against a growing misuse of the word "elegant." The letter seems to have had for its proximate cause a quotation described as taken from "an elegant morning newspaper."

A new Conservative paper appeared in Paris on Saturday. It is called *L'Assemblé eNationale*, and it announces that it has the adhesion and support of numerous deputies belonging to all the various parties which compose the majority of the Assembly. The principal point of its programme is declared to be the defence of all the bases of social order.

The following communication was sent to a North British editor:—"Glasgow, January 13th, 1873.—Mr. Editor: Sir,—Sin is the reproach of any people Our Spiritual and Moral Ruler have each a Rod in his hand by the tail but none of them dare catch the Serpent by the head Hence the People are bleeding on every pore of Soul and body through Idolatry and Vice and at the open blast of the four winds of heaven."

The Academy of Sciences of Paris, in 1870, offered a prize of 20,000f. for some simple and positive sign of death, which any non-professional person could understand and apply. The most practical and satisfactory one given (says the *British Medical Press and Circular*) is mentioned in a late number of Virchow's "Archiv." It depends upon the fact that no matter how profound the syncope or how death-like the person may appear, if the circulation continues, however feebly, the person is not dead. All that is necessary, therefore, is to tie a string firmly around the finger of the supposed corpse: if the blood circulate in the least, the whole finger, from the string to the tip, will swell and generally turn a bluish red. This test is exceedingly simple and conclusive.

A new publication, called the *Court Herald*, has appeared. The following is a specimen of its style:—"The Prince of Wales is a great favourite with the gamekeepers at Chatsworth. His Royal Highness has utterly demoralized the keepers by his good humour and hearty plainness of manners and speech. 'He's a foine open-hearted chap, that I will say,' was the opinion confided to me by one of the men who had followed him in the paddocks. The criticism might be refined, no doubt, but I question whether its honesty would be augmented by any amount of polish. Much amusement was caused at one point by the manner in which the Prince cleared a wall, over which it was necessary to pass; the fact is, that the future King of England is rather full-bodied, and knocked the stone fence down in transit. Apparently the spot is for ever immortalized in the eyes of gamekeepers by the occurrence of the mishap; a gate will be erected there in memory of the event." Can toadyism go further?

A romantic family *réunion* on last Christmas Eve is recorded by the *San Francisco Bulletin*. About ten years ago two brothers left their home in Illinois and came to California. The elder was a man of the most steady habits, and had received a good business education; but the younger was inclined to be dissipated, and, indeed, had figured in so many scrapes at home that his departure was not regretted in his native village. The two brothers lived together a short time in San Francisco while they looked for situations; the younger brother, however, fell into bad company, and they soon separated by mutual consent. The elder brother obtained a situation in a wholesale store as porter, and by his diligence and steadiness so worked himself into the confidence of his employers that he gradually rose from the position of porter to that of partner in the firm. He lately purchased a house in Bush-street, married a lady with a considerable fortune of her own, and on last Cristmas Eve he saw "three beautiful children around him enjoying the wonders of the Christmas tree." The family retired to rest at midnight, but the gentleman had hardly closed his eyes when he was awakened by a noise downstairs, and moving stealthily to the parlour with a revolver in his hand, he saw a man endeavouring to open the buffet where he kept his silver. Levelling the revolver at the thief's head, he shouted, "Stop, or you are a dead man." The "jemmy" dropped from the hands of the burglar, who, falling on his knees, cried out, "As God is my judge, Robert, I did not know that you lived here." The gentleman then discovered to his horror that the burglar whom he was about to shoot was his younger brother whom he had not met for nearly ten years. That night the burglar slept peacefully under the roof of his forgiving brother, who assured the reporter of the *Bulletin*, with tears in his eyes, that he was going to give him employment in his own store, and that he had never spent a happier Christmas. It is not stated what kind of reception was accorded to the younger brother the next morning at breakfast by the wife of his host; but let us hope she participated in the joy of her husband.

IN COURT.

THE NEW JUDGE.

Their Lordships the Justices came into the Court of Common Pleas on Saturday shortly before half-past ten, for the purpose of receiving Sir George Honyman, the new judge, as a member of the body of serjeants-at-law.

Sir George advanced down the centre of the bar, but halted before he reached the first two rows, which are appropriated to the Queen's counsel and serjeants, and where Mr. Serjeant Parry and Mr. Serjeant Ballantine stood ready to take their part in the proceedings.

The Lord Chief Justice commanded that the writ should be read; but no one seemed to know where the writ was. After a pause of a minute he said, "Brother Parry, has any-one the Queen's writ?"

Mr. Sejeant Parry: I don't know, my lord.

Mr. Serjeant Ballantine: I don't believe it is our duty to produce the writ; but we produce the new serjeant that is to be.

The Lord Chief Justice: The "colt" should, I believe, produce the writ.

Sir George Honyman: I am sorry to say, my lord, that I cannot see my "colt" this morning. (A laugh.)

The Lord Chief Justice: Perhaps the colt is away playing with the writ. (Laughter.) I think, however, we can take judicial notice of it, because the *Gazette* has intimated to us its issue, which is sufficient evidence that the Queen has appointed a new serjeant.

The ancient process of "counting" was then gone through; the parties had leave to "impark," and the proceedings were ordered to be recorded.

The Lord Chief Justice: Brother Honyman, you are now admitted a serjeant-at-law, and you will take your seat within the bar accordingly.

"Brother Honyman" did so, and having intimated that he had nothing "to move," he shook hands with most of the barristers within reach and departed.

The body of the court and also the galleries were filled with friends of the new judge, and other persons anxious to witness the ceremony.

Their lordships immediately after its conclusion adjourned, they having to attend in the court for the consideration of Crown Cases Reserved.

LANDLORD AND TENANT.

A curious case, illustrating a somewhat common error as to the law of landlord and tenant, was before the Lambeth County Court last week. A landlady sued for five shillings—a week's rent—because her tenant had taken until three o'clock to clear out of his apartments, when, as she alleged, he ought to have been out by twelve on the day of the expiration of his notice to quit. The defendant's wife appeared, and explained the point in dispute, her husband contending that he had the whole day to remove in. The judge said the defendant was right in his law; pieces of days were not recognized in tenancies. He was entitled to the whole day to remove in. It appeared, further, that a letter had been written by the plaintiff reflecting on the character of the wife because the husband refused to pay money he did not owe. The judge said the letter was disgraceful, and he should mark his sense of the plaintiff's conduct by ordering her to pay five shillings for the defendant's wife's costs. "That is fulfilling the Scriptures," said the high bailiff. "A virtuous woman is a *crown* to her husband."

A TROUBLESOME HOUSEKEEPER.

At the Thames Police-court, on Monday, a man who is described as "eccentric looking" complained of a woman named Amelia Green beating him about the head with a rump-steak. The woman, he said, was his housekeeper, and although he had tried to escape from her horrible temper she refused to leave him. He had seen her with the carving-knife behind him, and she behaved in such a manner that he almost lost his senses with fright. She had a revolver, and said she meant to "do for him." She got drunk twice a day and tore his clothes up. The magistrate asked whether the woman beat the applicant about the head with the steak to make it tender. The applicant said he did not know whether she knocked him about with the steak to make that tender, but he knew that his head was very tender. The magistrate told the applicant he could take out a summons for assault, but he advised him not to do so. The applicant said he would think over the matter.

TOO LONG IN GAOL.

A man, named Charles Barnacle, appeared before the magistrates at Leamington last week, and complained that he had been kept a week in Warwick Gaol over and above the period for which he was committed. He said that he was brought up before Mr. Gubbins a month ago on a charge of drunkenness, and in default of paying a fine was committed to prison for three weeks. At the expiration of that period he informed the officer that his sentence had run, and requested to be set at liberty, but the reply was, "No, he had another week to 'do,'" and they kept him in the month. Mr. Gubbins said there certainly must have been some mistake; he should think the sentence was a month. The clerk, on referring to the minutes of the case, said the entry was "twenty-one days." The mistake was due to a clerical error in the warrant of commitment.

THE CLAIMANT IN COURT.

As early as half-past 8 on Wednesday morning eager members of the junior bar were making their way to the Court of Queen's Bench, and before half-past nine every available corner in that not very commodious court was occupied, every avenue leading to the entrances being crowded. Experienced Queen's counsel remarked at the Onslow and Whalley hearing that in the worst days of the Tichborne trial they had never seen such a crowd thronging the court. Their experience must have been painfully enlarged on Wednesday morning, unless their business fortunately called them into the Exchequer or the Common Pleas. At every doorway stood one or two policemen (the ushers being nowhere), stolid, funereal, incorruptible, whom no blandishments of the most persuasive stuff-gownsman could prevail on to allow any but a silk gown to pass in at the side door, which in an ordinary way flys open to the attorney's clerk.

About a quarter to ten o'clock the Claimant came into court accompanied by his medical attendant, who is about as stout as himself, and a few friends, and sat immediately under the front row occupied by Queen's counsel, and in front of the bench. About the same time Mr. Skipworth entered with a bundle of papers in his hand, and sat by the side of the Claimant.

Precisely at twenty-five minutes past ten the judges took their seats, both defendants being in court—Mr. Skipworth attired in his long disused wig and gown. Contrary to the expectation of many, it was found that the Lord Chief Justice did not intend to preside. His Lordship's seat was occupied by Mr. Justice Blackburn, the other judges being Sir John Mellor, Sir Robert Lush, and Sir Richard Quain.

Mr. Justice Blackburn asked if the two gentlemen directed to attend this morning were in attendance.

The Claimant and Mr. Skipworth both rose and said: Yes, my lord.

Mr. Justice Blackburn: Do you appear, Mr. Skipworth, by counsel or by yourself?

Mr. Skipworth: By myself.

Mr. Justice Blackburn: And you, sir?

The Claimant: By myself, my lord.

Mr. Justice Blackburn called on Master Cockburn to read the affidavit of the shorthand writer who reported the proceedings at the meeting at Brighton over which Mr. Skipworth presided.

The affidavits occupied one hour and forty minutes in reading. Both Mr. Skipworth and the Claimant paid particular attention to their reading, the Claimant smiling repeatedly at the personal observations contained in his speech, and in two instances he corrected errors in what he was stated to have said at the Brighton meeting. The affidavits contained the speeches delivered also at Liverpool and in St. James's Hall by Mr. Skipworth and the Claimant.

Mr. Justice Blackburn then asked Mr. Skipworth if he had any affidavits to hand in, or if he preferred making a statement in answer to the charge that had been made against him.

Mr. Skipworth then handed in a voluminous affidavit, which was read by Mr. Manley Smith, one of the masters of the court.

The substance of the learned gentleman's defence was, that whatever he had said at the Brighton meeting and elsewhere was dictated by a solemn and conscientious sense of duty and a love of fair play. He disclaimed all personal motives altogether, and added that to call him to account for language which was the best he could command to express his feelings on the spur of the moment was cruel, unjust, and oppressive.

About this period Mr. Justice Mellor became aware of the fact that a flagrant contempt of court was being committed by members of the public who remained in court with their hats on, for the best of all reasons probably that they could not in any other way dispose of them. Three ushers having been found insufficient to carry the Bench's mandate into execution, more policemen were introduced with a more successful result.

Mr. Skipworth's affidavit, referring to his remarks at Brighton on the conduct of the Lord Chief Justice, admitted that the phrase that he had hissed his lordship was not a happy one. He unhesitatingly withdrew the words, and, with the exception of the use of that word, which was a slip of the tongue, he said nothing that could be construed into contempt of court had been used.

The Claimant proceeded to show cause, his line of defence being that he had been guilty at Brighton of nothing more than in all his speeches throughout the country, and that he was perfectly justified in vindicating himself.

The Court, after consideration, sentenced Mr. Skipworth to be imprisoned for three months in Holloway Prison, and pay a fine of £500 to the Queen, and be further imprisoned until that fine was paid. And that the claimant should give security—himself in £500 and one or two sureties in a like sum—to be of good behaviour for three months, and not to offend in a like manner in the mean time, and that he be imprisoned until the recognizances were completed. Dr. Attwood, his medical attendant, and one of his previous sureties, was accepted as security, and the recognizances were then entered into, and the Claimant was discharged. Mr. Skipworth was then removed in custody.

MUSIC ON ASH WEDNESDAY.

In the Court of Queen's Bench, a protracted suit, instituted against Mr. Conquest, the proprietor of the Grecian Theatre, City-road, for a musical performance on Ash Wednesday, 1871, was recently brought to a close. It was alleged by the plaintiff, a music-hall proprietor, who had been fined, at the instance of theatrical managers, to the extent of £500. that the concert held on the day named was a contravention of the Lord Chamberlain's licence. The Court held that as there had not been the performance of a stage play, and the place was not one habitually used for musical entertainments, there was no breach of the Act.

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THE CORAM STREET MURDER.

The body of a young Frenchman, named George Manduit, who died in Soho on the Wednesday of last week, has been viewed by the witnesses who saw Harriet Buswell in company with her supposed murderer on Christmas Eve; but, although two of them thought they could identify him, the preponderance of testimony—especially that of the waiter at the Solferino—was decidedly against the theory of his having been the man. Other evidence pointed in the same direction, and the body was given over to the father for burial. The inquest on the body of Harriet Buswell herself was re-opened on Wednesday, the 29th ult., and again adjourned.

At Bow-street Police-court, the same day, Dr. Gottfried Hessel was brought before Mr. Vaughan for re-examination on the charge of having murdered Harriet Buswell. Mr. Poland appeared to prosecute on behalf of the Crown, the police having applied for assistance.

William Stalker, the waiter, recalled and examined by Mr. Poland, said: The man I saw was dressed in a dark Oxford mixed coat, dark overcoat with velvet collar, and Alpine hat. I noticed nothing particular in his manner. I saw the prisoner at Ramsgate, with about ten or eleven other foreigners. I still believe the prisoner is the person who was in our restaurant with the deceased. The prisoner started or shuddered at Ramsgate when I looked at him and pointed at him.

Traphina Douglas was then called and examined by Mr. Poland: I live at Cloudesley-road, Islington. I am barmaid at the Alhambra, and was there on the evening of the 24th December. I knew the deceased as a customer. She used to come to the Alhambra two or three times a week. I left at a quarter past one with my sister, and went to the Circus, Piccadilly. When the omnibus came up I got in with my sister, and sat at the end of the 'bus. The deceased woman and the man also got in. The deceased got out with the man by St. Pancras Church. I noticed that he sat with his eyes down the whole time he was in the omnibus. The man was dressed in rather a tight coat and round hat. It was not a great coat, but an under coat of a dull colour. I did not see any pimples on his face. He had rather a thin nose. On Monday, the 20th of January, I went to Ramsgate with Superintendent Thomson and Inspector Harnett. I went to the Town-hall. I think that there were forty people there. I recognized the prisoner. Mr. Thomson said, "To the best of your belief, do you know any one there?" I said, "Yes, that gentleman." Mr. Thomson then said, "Touch him;" and I touched the prisoner. I thought the gentleman I saw in the omnibus was rather taller than the prisoner. I think the prisoner is very much like the gentleman; but the gentleman was taller, I think. I don't think this is the gentleman, because he is not so tall. I touched him because he resembled him so much. I have not a firm belief one way or the other; but I think if the prisoner had been a little taller I should have said he was the man. There were other foreigners at the Town-hall.

James Griffin: I am a waiter at 62, Haymarket; it is a public house. On the night of the 24th I got into an omnibus at Piccadilly-circus to go to Islington. I saw the woman whose portrait is produced in the omnibus. I have seen her before in the omnibus. I did not speak to her. A foreigner was with her. She got out at the corner of Judd-street. The foreigner got out with her, and they went up Judd-street. I sat on the same side as the deceased woman and the man. He had rather a dirty face, and a sort of dark, thin moustache and beard. I saw the prisoner at Ramsgate, but did not recognize him. I recognized no one. The prisoner is not like the man in the omnibus. He is too wide across the top of the face.

George Fleck, the greengrocer, and Mary Nestor, of 56, Great Coram-street, both swore to the prisoner as the man they had seen.

James Conolly, in the employ of Mr. Fleck, said he was sure the prisoner was not the man who came into the shop, but he very much resembled him.

Margaret Ledner and Elizabeth Gosby, laundresses, to the hotel, deposed to washing a number of blood-stained pocket-handkerchiefs.

John Popkin, head waiter at the Royal Hotel, Jane Summers, Mr. Superintendent Buss, Inspector Harnett, and John Murray also gave evidence.

The case was then adjourned.

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3. Mr. Honeythunder as an Avenger.
4. Mr. Jasper's Tartar Experience.
5. Mrs. Billikins's Sweet Rooms wanted immediately.
6. Mr. Jasper's Unexpected Pleasure.
7. Black Tomboy and his One-handed Master.
8. Dog, Apparition, or Ban Dog?
9. The Daughter of her Father's House.
10. The China Shepherdess makes an Accusation.
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12. Durdles addressing the Head Haven generally.
13. Rope and Rafter.
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15. Mr. Tartar up aloft.
16. The Babbling of a Secret.
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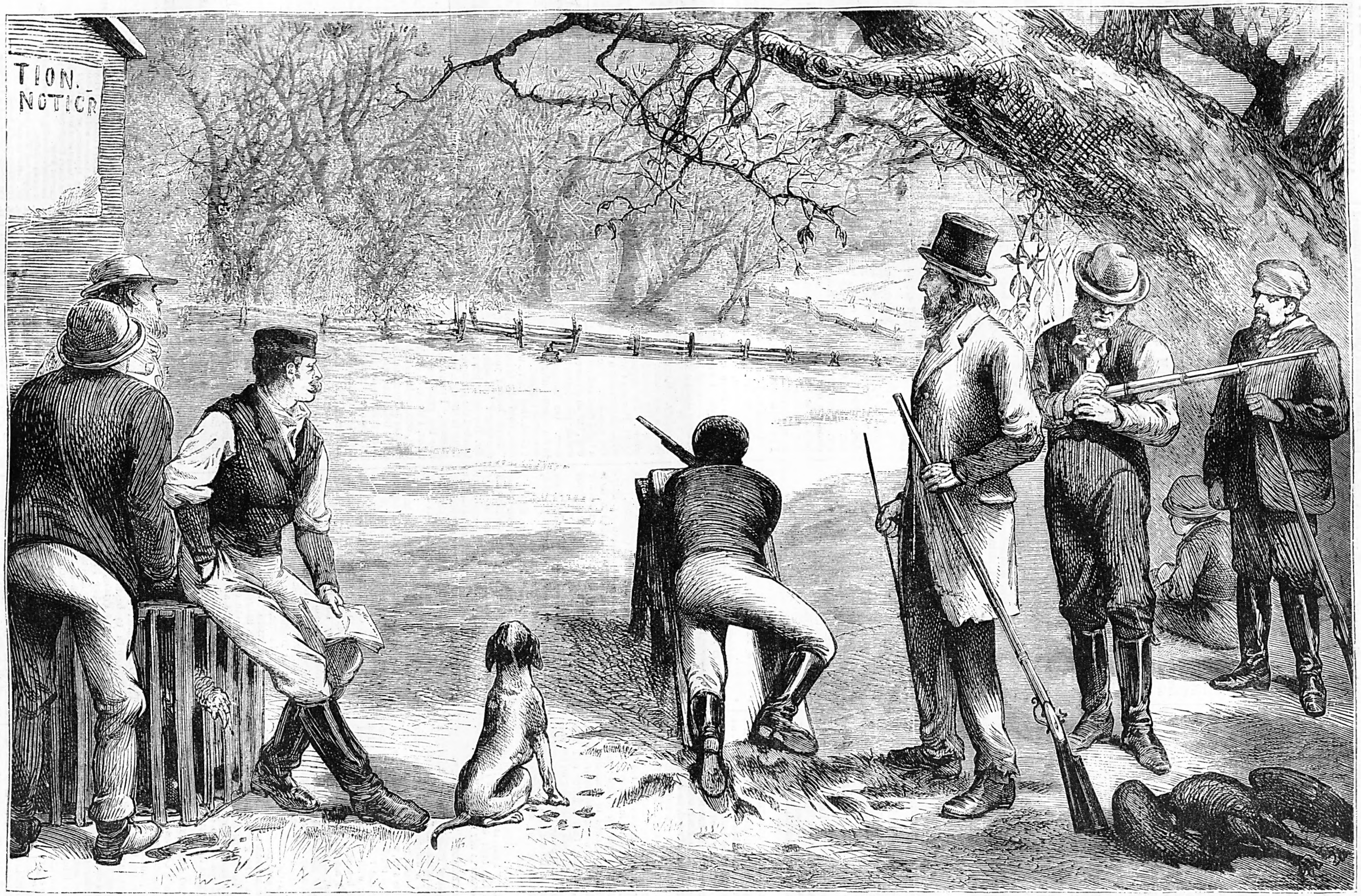

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